



THE WAY  
TO  
WOO AND WIN A WIFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF CHOICE EXTRACTS,  
TOGETHER WITH SOME  
ORIGINAL MATTER NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

BY HENRY SOUTHGATE,

AUTHOR OF 'THINGS A LADY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,' 'MANY  
THOUGHTS OF MANY MINDS,' ETC.



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69/8

DEDICATED TO

MY WIFE,

WHOM TO KNOW IS - TO LOVE.

'I exhort all people, gentle and simple, to buy, to read, to extol these gatherings of mine. Let them not fear to use every quotation, for I will bear them harmless. I have arguments, good store, and can easily confute, either logically, theologically, or metaphysically, all those who would oppose me on this divine theme.'

DR. ARBUTHNOT.



## PROEMIAL.

'Sing of the nature of woman, and then the song shall be surely full of most sweet closes, one in all, and all in one.'

MARSTON.

THE wooing and winning of a wife is a thing of everyday occurrence, and it seems almost an impertinence to show any man the way, inasmuch as it is the 'old, old story' over and over again. Nevertheless, as the choicest spirits of all ages have thought and written their best on this divine theme, it has been my pleasure to select and arrange a few of the leading features of Love's Passion as set forth by those who themselves have deeply felt and eloquently expressed their own feelings on the subject. I have endeavoured to arrange their thoughts, and, step by step, to show Love's Progress, to its happy termination. The theme

*Proemial.*

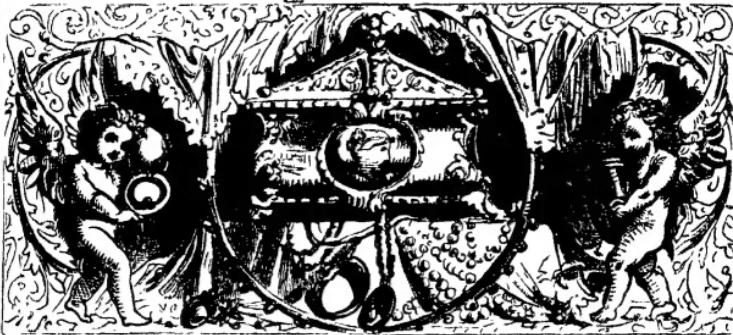
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has ample illustration in the poets and prose writers of all countries, which I have noted down under their respective headings. One principal object in this little manual is to assist the full heart in its utterance. I know that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, but it is not altogether so in Love. I attribute this to the fact that it is so absorbing, that it finds its chiefest joy in contemplation. Who can fully describe beauty? it is deeply felt, but unutterable. We know how vain it would be to paint the lily, and so we hold our hand. And yet at times we desire to give expression to the deepest feelings of the heart. This little volume will help you; and as you read, your thoughts will be ennobled, and you will be enabled to express a something akin to the ideal of your affection.

With this view I send it forth to the rising generation, wishing them, with all blessing, what many so devoutly long for themselves,—a good wife, which is Heaven's last, best gift to man.

HENRY SOUTHCATE.

WOODBINE, SALCOMBE REGIS,  
DEVON.



## CONTENTS.

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There is a ripe season for everything ; and if you slip that, or anticipate it, you dim the grace of the matter, be it never so good.

BP. HACKETT.

*PROEMIAL*, . . . . . PAGE  
vii

I am but one. I only hint my thoughts.

ASGILL.

*PREFATORY THOUGHTS*, . . . . . xiii

Let cavillers know, that as the Lord John answered the Queen in that Italian Guazzo, an old, a grave discreet man, is fittest to discourse of love matters.

BURTON.

*Contents.*

	PAGE
<i>FIRST GLANCE,</i> . . . . .	17
Unregardful of aught else, beheld Her face ; and, looking in her face, saw youth, And beauty shining in the light of youth, And seeing, loved.	
W. SAWYER.	
<i>ADMIRATION,</i> . . . . .	31
Oh, that form ! ✓ That angel face, on which my dotage hung ! How have I gazed upon her, till my soul With very eagerness went forth to meet her, And issued at my eyes !	
ROWE.	
<i>DECLARATION,</i> . . . . .	45
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say ay, And I will take thy word.	
SHAKSPEARE.	
<i>BETROTHED,</i> . . . . .	55
With this sweet token I assure you mine, <i>(Places a ring on her finger)</i> In sight of angels. Bless you !	
TALFOURD.	
<i>COURTSHIP,</i> . . . . .	59
To thee my secret soul more lowly bends, Than forms of outward worship can express.	
ROWE.	

## Contents.

	PAGE
<i>FIRST KISS, . . . . .</i>	<i>71</i>
When in the dusk hours (we two alone) Close kissed, and eloquent of still replies, Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies, And my soul only sees thy soul its own.	
ROSSETTI.	
<i>LOVE LETTERS OF OLD, . . . . .</i>	<i>85</i>
The eagle's force subdues each byrde that flies, What metal can resist the flamynge fire? Doth not the sunne dazzle the clearest eyes, And melt the ice and make the snowe retire ! The hardest stones are picrcèd through with tooles, The wisest are with princes made but fooles, And this by love.	
SHAKSPEARE.	
<i>WOOING, . . . . .</i>	<i>115</i>
I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever, Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound, Mirrored within thee as within a river, A flower upon thy breast, and thou the ground.	
KEATS.	
<i>GIFTS, . . . . .</i>	<i>139</i>
Then, lady, lowly at thy feet I lay this gift of memory.	
DULCI.	

*Contents.*

	PAGE
<i>WEDDING RING</i> , . . . . .	143
There's no jewel so worth wearing, That a lover's hands may bring ; There's no treasure worth comparing With a golden wedding ring,	
GERALD MASSEY.	
<i>WEDLOCK</i> , . . . . .	149
For high the bliss that waits on wedded love, Best, purest emblem of the bliss above. Of our fond hearth to be the slave and lord ; Bless and be blessed, adore and be adored.	
ROLLESTON.	
<i>DOMESTIC HEARTH</i> , . . . . .	219
And thou The star of home ; who, in thy gentleness, On the harsh nature of usurping man, Benign enchantment canst so deeply smile— Soft as a dew-fall from the brow of eve, Or moonlight shedding beauty on the storm.	
J. S. KNOWLES.	
<i>A FEW THINGS MY WIFE, WHEN WON, WILL LIKE ME TO OBSERVE AND DO</i> , . . . . .	255
Dearest, do these things, and I will love thee !	
CERVANTES.	



## PREFATORY THOUGHTS.

'Oh for you whom I write ! whose hearts can melt  
At the soft thrilling voice, whose power can prove ;  
You know what charm unutterably felt  
Attends the unexpected voice of Love,  
Above the lyre the lute's soft notes above !  
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,  
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove ;  
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,  
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals !'

TIGHE.

IT is no hard task to love. Heaven asks love for love ; and if we cultivate with due care the divine passion, how completely it excludes, nay, uproots, all unruly passions, immoderate desires, and evil thoughts ; weeding our souls from the briars and thorns of the primeval curse ! Wound not the fond heart that harbours your repose,—

' Erring nature *will* casual faults disclose.'

It cannot be helped,—to err is human. Remember, an

## Sunny Sentences

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unkind word breaks one of the golden links of love. Other woes pass away, but unkindness from those we love *never*. Ordinary faults are easily corrected ; but reproach—in *its* deadly shade the delicate blossom of the heart fades and shrinks. Love only flourishes like the flowers in the sun ; yet your love should shine through all things. Distrust destroys generosity, and contempt is a destructive mildew. Shun that cold coast which abuts at times on the sea of life, from whose dangerous shores many a tight little bark has been wrecked for life. Is not thy youth, thy age, yet to be blest with her love?—then beware how you break the golden bowl out of which you drink the dearest joys of life.

Who can picture the love between husband and wife?—the purest love of which human nature is capable, more especially when it is pure and holy. They are, as it were, transfused into one being. If the stronger interpenetrates the weaker, the weaker so interweaves itself with the stronger, that its beauty and sweetness make, as it were, one soul and one heart.

When the world and its cares harass and perplex, and the storms of fortune chill the soul, then true consoling love will come in and bless you ; the balm of peace shall be comfortably shed around you, and you shall lay your head upon the soft downy plumage of her wing, and be lulled to repose. Love sees the stars in the gloomiest, saddest night.

## *Prefatory Thoughts.*

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Sincere love refines upon the taste. Love that is founded on beauty *only* is short-lived.

Let your choice of a lady be such, that as time goes on, your love may ripen, become more hallowed ; and as the wife becomes the mother, the gracious charm of that relationship may be superadded. There ever remains with such women, who are naturally peaceful and serene, especially when rendered so by religion, an after spring and balm ; an autumnal tint, the reflex, as it were, of their earlier and beauteous bloom.

Let your love be unselfish. Love deals not in gold. Away with the loathsome prostitution of the hand without the heart ! It is the very nature of love to sacrifice all for the thing it loves

Love ought to be one of the loftiest aspirations of the soul, flooding downwards into sensuous intercourse with the beloved one, blending the beauty of its sunshine to awaken the spirit buds of the soul, hereafter to bloom into luscious fragrance and precious fruits of joy.

What wondrous changes love works ! it intermingles with all we do or think. Previously a man may have been 'the most unprofitable sign of nothing ;' but let him attain to love, his studies become pleasures, his pursuits are engoldened in that blessed light, his intercourse with the world is more brave and true, he is watchful to

## *Prefatory Thoughts.*

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forward his views, ever tending towards the star of his ideal. The miser may watch over his treasure, the usurer wait his turn of profit, the midnight ghost may hover round about its hidden gold ; but the watchfulness of him who truly loves surpasses them all. Virtuous passion always prompt to good resolves, and kindles the God-like fire within, disdaining all cold policy and all dull conventionalities of life.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.

What a refiner is love ! how it purifies us from ourselves, strengthening age and ennobling the mind, pointing out a God-like motive, and a nobler ideal to all we do, to all we think, to all we say, making us strong, courageous, and true ! Oh, the greatness of the capacity to love ! Surely it is the noblest gift we have !—sacred, because it is God's gift,—sacred, because it is the life in Heaven.

How wearisome this life would be, were it not for love ! What a tedious circle of unjoyous days ! All the hurry of life, without the peace of loving and being loved,—distasteful, wretched. But love brings sweets to the bitter, and healing on his wings ; his cares are soft, his

## *Prefatory Thoughts.*

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joys transporting. How incomplete and of what poor account our life would be without love, whose fond sensations and real happiness cheat the toiling world !

Let no rigour of compulsion or tyranny injure your affections ; the effect produced is as the storm-stricken tree, that with loosened roots never comes to timely growth.

Who and what is it that weaves into our life at some time or other golden streaks of light, gorgeous flowery tapestries, Arcadian scenes, and never-ending vistas of varied joy, blending our whole being into one great flood of light, brushing away the cobwebs of our prison-house, and developing colours so harmonious that the angels look on and love ? Such moments there are, and I trace back the melody of our life to that hour when God said, 'It is not good for man to be alone ;' and so, in all the gentle beauty of perfect womanhood, He gave to us this, His last best gift, to love, to solace, to be our own.

Let the essence of thy love be pure ; for if one unhallowed breath be breathed upon its flame, it is gone for ever, and leaves only a sullied vase, its gentle light crushed out in shame for ever.

✓ When struck and shattered by some untoward circumstance, she comes in like nature's angel ; she soothes,

## *Prefatory Thoughts.*

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she comforts ; her smile is to you as the blessed sunlight, giving repose to the soul ; her voice of gentle love and sympathy falls upon your ear, as the genial summer shower upon the tender herb, gladdening by its influence, cheering the sinking heart, conquering many and many a woe ; her love, whose sole end is to blend your heart with hers, making you one in will and in affection.

How strange, but how true it is, that true love, all-absorbing love, as love should be, is for the time blind to the future ! All sober thoughts are whistled away to the wind, scorning all delay, scorning all but what its own enchanting dream may suggest ; and such love is right, and true, and manly, and ever followed by what is right, and true, and manly.

True, gentle love is like the summer dew, falling around in the still silence of the starlit night. Although unseen, it refreshes herb and flower, field and bank, with its kindly influence.

Love is a celestial harmony, composed of likely hearts joined together in one sweet sympathy, and ever mindful of each other's joy and true content.

What power there is in the sweet passion of love ! It expels all sordid baseness, remodels and refines the mind, making it of fairer, purer, and more generous

## *Prefatory Thoughts.*

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texture, filling it with high and noble thoughts, even as it were excelling itself. How true and enduring when founded on esteem ! All other love draws regret upon it, and is unworthy of any noble soul.

As you saunter along, perhaps through green fields and wood-embowered hills, how completely the soul is imbued with the new-born passion ! The humming of the bees, the slowly moving wain, the scent of the bean flowers wafted up from some beauteous dell, the wild blue pigeons wheeling overhead o'er some golden fields of grain, the bleat of the folded lamb, and the cooing of the dove ;—all whisper one soft melody, touching with transient and exquisitely delicate touch the heart-strings, now so well attuned to melody.

**J** In loving, remember to love one who *deserves* loving. All else ends in disappointment and sorrow.

The nobility of love consists in a mutual inclination to virtuous things, the yearning after every noble excellence. It is the pulse of our souls beating to the true harmony of spiritual life ; the gentle loving fire that kindles, not inflames ; the commingling of our souls into one melting, joyous sweetness.

**J** The heart has a peculiar eloquence to plead the cause of love !

HENRY SOUTHGATE.





## SUNNY SENTENCES

TO HER I LOVE BEST.

'She would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.'

MILTON.

**T**HY spirit is the harmony of truth. /

Thou art as beauteous to me as the first blossom  
of the spring, before the glorious sun has kissed the  
dew away. /

Thou art fair to me as a summer dream. /

Your hair is as sunny as your heart. /

That natural golden coronet, your hair, mocking the  
sunshine with a frank and tender grace. /

Your kind, deep, dewy eyes. /

## *Sunny Sentences*

Thy beauty wears a golden edge from a sun that never sets. 7

Thou art to me as yon summer cloud, glowing with rosy light; sweet music breathes from your face, and the melody of your heart softens and harmonizes the whole. 8

I am wrapt in the fetters of thy golden tresses. 9

✓ Your darling lips, where sweet love harbours. 10

When the nightingale flies away, I need not ask whether she winters in your voice. 11

I need not ask of the falling stars where they alight. I look into your eyes, and there they have their fixed sphere. 12

The brightness of your smile dapples the pathway of my life with light and shade. 13

Your eyes are curate to the sun. 14

To me you seem formed in the prodigality of nature. 15

Light seems to me to have a second beam when it glints upon your hair. 16

My sweetest love! you were born of smiles. 17

*To Her I Love Best.*

---

There is about you a beauty which no picture can express. 18

Thy sweet blushes, emotional and shy. 19

Your smile is like a sun-touched stream just rippling by.

I repose in the soft shadows of thy perfect eyes. 20

Thy beauty is to me like impassioned music. 21

In thy bright expression I am bound as it were in a magic spell. 22

Your perfect symmetry receives its highest grace from your intellect. 23

Your virtue makes your beauty near akin to the angels.

You are to me all harmony, love, and calmness. 24

Thou art to me a soft sunny landscape, luxuriant, budding, blest with the fragrance of the early morn. 25

Thy presence is to me as sweet, still harmony, whose diapason lies within thy face. 26

You are to me a garden of love o'er which I gaze entranced. 27

## Sunny Sentences

Thy beauty is to me nature's best orthography. 3 0

No words of mine can paint your fair perfection. 3 1

✓ When I think of thee, my heart is filled with a soft but full emotion, like the swell of the summer sea. 3 2

My senses are lost 'midst the gleam of thy golden hair.

Your features mutely eloquent. 0 6

Envy's self could not but dote upon you.

You are the reflex of the heaven from whence you came. 5 6

Thou art fair as summer beauties of the field. 3 7

Thy sweet dumb eloquence of beauty, which commands me without authority. 3 8

Your looks persuade without speaking. 3 9

*My* armorial bearings are the red and white rose quartered in your dear face. 2 0

✓ Your love works unwitting effects of sweet wonder. 1 1

✓ Thou art to me the fair ambassador of a fairer mind. 2 1

*To Her I Love Best.*

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The golden atoms of the day seem commingled in your hair. 43

I feel, when you leave me, that *if* there is any beauty left, it is reflected on the eyes of those who last beheld you. 44

At times I feel inclined to shut my eyes when I leave you, that I may perchance preserve the riches of the glimpses you have given. 45

Your beauty and excellence shed o'er me a portion of their own loving perfection. 46

Your beauty leaves in my mind the seeds of lovely thoughts. 47

Thy beauties are illumined by thy mind. 48

Thy heart is to me the chosen home of sweet and gracious thoughts. 49

When thou speakest, the lulled winds of my passion seem dreaming. 50

In your face I see Paradise transplanted. 51

The sapphire's blue is but a stain in comparison to your azure veins. 52

## Sunny Sentences

Nature, wondering, gazes at her sweet work. 53

Diamonds darken by the side of your bright eyes. 54

Your bright eyes rain influence sweet. 55

In *one* heaven there are many stars ; but in your eyes, those two stars to me how many heavens ! 56

Thou mirror of heaven. 57

Thou breathing star. 58

You sway the empire of my soul by a glance. 59

Nature, jealous of her cunning, broke the mould in which she made your lovely form. 60

When you breathe, air turns to love. 61

In your radiant eye love sits enthroned. 62

Those eyes ravish me with a bright tyranny. 63

The richest jewels borrow brightness when you wear them. 64

Your beauty is to me as the tints of the sun upon the opening rose, kissed by his beams in the early morn. 65

*To Her I Love Best.*

When you open your eyes the sun shines forth. 66

Wealth is an empty glitter without thee. 67

✓ Your sweet smile has power to chase away dejection. 68

Thou art my Eden of repose. 69

I think of thee with many a tender ecstasy. 70

Thou art to me more beautiful than Orient pearls embedded in their shells. 71

You are to me a power of meekness on a stem of grace. 72

Where could I select the rosiest hues to emulate thy bloom? 73

Thou art to me the first and best original of all fair copies. 74

Those sweet eyes of yours let out more light than they take in. 75

✓ Your rich beauty is a mint for others to gather their charms from. 76

Thou art to me queen of the wealth of beauty. 77

## Sunny Sentences

I have ever starry thoughts of thee. 78

The tide of my heart's love surges towards thee. 79

Thou art the sweet and gentle spirit of my ideal. 80

✓ Thou art to me as the morn-kissing breath. 79

Where thou art, the air seems fed with honeyed fragrance. 77

My very being warbles into songs of thee. 78

When night's soft silence embalms the world, I dream of thee. 78

In your absence my heart's brimful of thoughts of thee. 78

Thou art to me as a flower that never changeth hue. 88

✓ When I think of thee, my life is as near to heaven as are the stars. 87

I'll talk with thee till morn unbar her golden gate. 87

4 The hours I spend with you are golden with fair thoughts. 85

*To Her I Love Best.*

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Thy harmony is universal love. 1

You let love in upon the golden air. 2

It is dawn on thy bright hair. 3

Your presence is rife with sunlight. 4

Your dear heart, that opens to me as a sweet flower,  
and never closes when I am near. 5

You are to me as the path of the morning leading away  
over the hills of happiness.

I see all beauty in the ray that beams from your smile.

My love to you is self-kindling, quenchless as the  
vestal's flame. 6

The choir of your love keeps me in tune. 7

All my love beams out in the beauty of thy presence.

A seraph's choir would be imperfect without your voice.

Thou art to me lovely as the sunbeams of heaven. 8

More lovely beams thy lucid eye to me, than all the  
lustrous orbs of night. 9

## Sunny Sentences

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Thou art lovely to me as the blush that breaks the day.

Thou art to me as the early spring. 104

Not Flora's self more lovely smiles, when her opening bosom heavenly fragrance breathes. 105

The beauteous blossoms of the fragrant spring are not so lovely to me. 106

You are as lovely to me as a mountain flower just tinged with the glory of the sun on its dewy bloom. 107

You are to me as the fragrance of a flower in the soft glow of eve. 108

✓ Thou art to me as some rare flower ; and as you open to me, my soul is filled with a delicious odour. 109

✓ When I behold thee, love lingers—lingers in a mazy dream. 110

Thou art to me an ethereal essence interspersed through my life. 111

Love betters what is best. 112

Love gilds every object that bears a relation to the object beloved. 113

*To Her I Love Best.*

Thou art to me the nestling covert of my soul. 114

True love makes every task easy, every burden light. 115

Her voice is sweeter than the lark's wild melody. 116

The sense of duty with love makes love flame higher,  
as the grass grows more vigorously round a stone. 117

*Henry Southgate* HENRY SOUTHGATE.

*1878*







## THE FIRST GLANCE.

**N**o sooner met but they looked ; no sooner looked but they loved : ' so wrote the wisest of men ; and when he wrote it, it was not for his day only, but for all time. It still has its mystery of meaning ; and the gentle loving glance of a beautiful woman has now, as ever, its wondrous power.

This is the first entrance to the gate of love ; that look decides your future destiny, as it has thousands before. You see therein the wife of your future days ; and as in your heart of hearts you nestle towards her, the delightful prospect opens, and you feel a new life springing up within that you never felt before. Nourish this thrill of the soul with pure thoughts.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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Regard her as one upon whom God's signet is plainly set in her 'utter loveliness.' Mock not that beauty, reverence it, and regard it as the outward type of that which is more beauteous within. Wear that glance upon thy soul with a solemn gladness, and ever let thy endeavour be, to be worthy of her whom God has destined to be made worthy of you !

---

Their eyes but met, and then were turn'd aside ;  
It was enough ! that mystic eloquence  
Unheard, yet visible, is deeply felt,  
And tells what else were incommunicable :  
It is the voiceless language which the stars  
Speak to each other in the quiet night.

DEROZIER.

A pair of bright eyes with a dozen *glances* suffice to subdue a man ; to enslave him and inflame him, to make him even forget. They dazzle him so that the past becomes straightway dim to him ; and he so prizes them that he would give all his life to possess them. What is the fondest love of dearest friends compared with this treasure ! Is memory as strong as expectancy ? fruition as hunger ? gratitude as desire ? I have looked at royal diamonds in the jewel rooms in Europe, and thought how wars have been made about them ; Mogul sovereigns

### *The First Glance.*

deposed and strangled for them, or ransomed with them ; millions expended to buy them ; and daring lives in digging out the little shining toys that I value no more than the button in my hat. And so there are other glittering baubles (of rare water too) for which men have been set to kill and quarrel ever since mankind began ; and which last but for a score of years, when their sparkle is over. Where are those jewels now that beamed under Cleopatra's forehead, or shone in the sockets of Helen ?

THACKERAY.

The diamond dye in her een sae blue,  
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

BURNS.

Let me for ever gaze  
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee ;  
From every blush that kindles in thy cheek,  
Ten thousand little loves and glances spring.

ROWE.

Bewitched by the magic of two hazel eyes.

SKIPSEY.

Unregardful of aught else, beheld  
Her face, and looking in her face, saw youth  
And beauty chiming in the light of youth,  
And seeing loved.

SAWYER.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

Bewilder'd by white limbs and glittering eyes,  
Striving to learn love's inmost mysteries.

MORRIS.

I owe full confidence to all she looks,  
For in her eye shines truth, and every beam  
Shoots confirmation round her.

HILL.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye.

SPENSER.

Mine eyes present me with a double doubling,  
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes  
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roscs.

WILBYE.

In the eye's bright flash  
We can see the spirit speak ;  
And each passion of the soul  
Painted on the glowing cheek.

LANDON.

I watch for glances every hour  
From your divine and lovely eyes.

LODGE.

*The First Glance.*

Sweet, silent rhetoric of persuading eyes.

POOLE.

Let me contemplate,  
With holy wonder season my access,  
And by degrees approach the sanctuary  
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness ;  
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found  
A more Catholical aspect. That eye  
Doth promise single life and meek obedience ;  
Upon those lips (the sweet first bud of youth)  
The holy dew of prayer lies,—like a pearl  
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn  
Upon the bashful rose.

MIDDLETON.

Sweet to entrance  
The raptured soul by intermingling glance  
Of mutual bliss.

TIGHE.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

AERNE.

The sweet reliance of your gaze,  
Originates in gracious ways,  
And wins that trust, the trust repays.

WOOLNER.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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I look into thy heart with clear bright eyes,  
And leave it, full of happy memories.

HOWELL.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon  
Features that seem at heart my own,  
Nor fear those watchful sentiments,  
Who charm the more their glance forbids ;  
Chaste glowing underneath their lids,  
With fire that draws while it repels.

EMERSON.

Her great eyes,  
That sometimes turn'd half dizzily beneath  
The passionate lids, as faint, when she would speak,  
Had also in them hidden springs of mirth,  
Which under the dark lashes ever more  
Shook to her laugh, as when a bird flies low,  
Between the water and the willow leaves,  
And the shade quivers till he wins the light.

ROSSETTI.

Oh ! 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,  
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind !  
Were eyes melodious, and could music shower  
From orient rays, ne'er striking on a flower,  
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,  
And angels own the music of the skies.

BROWNING.

*The First Glance.*

✓ Your beauty takes prisoner the wild motions of the eye.

POOLE.

✓ Her glance, how wildly beautiful !

BYRON.

✓ Love at first sight, first born, and heir to all.

TENNYSON.

Thy lovely eyes,  
No other light shall guide my steps,  
Till thy bright beams arise.

MOORE.

✓ My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.

SHAKSPEARE.

The heart of thy sweetheart  
Recovers its brightness,  
And banishes sorrow,  
Because of the brightness  
Of thy young eyes.

METASTASIO.

I see love-thinkings light thine eye.

MASSEY.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

When eyes that erst could meet with ease,  
Do seek, yet seeking, shyly shun  
Ecstatic conscious unison ;

The sure beginnings, say, be these,  
Prelusive to the strain of love,  
Which angels sing in heaven above.

CROUGH.

Love lights upon the heart, and straight we feel  
More worlds of wealth gleam in a dark blue eye,  
Than in the rich heart of the deep deep sea.

SMITH.

From thee, from thee, is caught the golden glow !  
Shed by thy gentle eyes ;  
It gives to flower and skies  
A bright new birth.

HEMANS.

Oft when I look, I may descry  
A little face peep through that eye :  
Sure that's the boy who wisely chose  
His throne among such beams as those,  
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,  
May serve for darts to kill withal.

CAREW.

In one short glance whole volumes it avows.

BROWNING.

*The First Glance.*

---

I e'en sanctify that precious hour,  
When first my eyes her worshippers became.

MOXON.

Her beautiful sweet eyes  
Look'd out full lovingly on all the world.  
Oh! tender as the deeps in yonder skies  
Their beaming.

INGELOW.

The eyes now languish in soft love, and seem  
Like lilies floating on bright summer's stream ;  
And tell a tale that speech could.ne'er impart,  
Of kindest passion throbbing at the heart.

KEATS.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than  
command, to behold her is an immediate check to ill-  
behaviour : to love her was a liberal education.

STEELE.

Therewith cast I down mine eye again,  
Where, as I saw walking under the tower  
Full secretly ; now comen her to pleyne,  
The fairest or freshest youngè flower  
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour,  
For which sudden abate, anon astart,  
The blood of all my body to my heart.

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

The past is in thy grace, sweetheart,  
The present in thine eyes ;  
But in thy voice the future thrills  
With all its harmonies.  
Thou shonest God, in calm or mirth,  
There is a promise given  
In thy deep eyes, that love on earth  
Means endless joy in heaven.

LELAND.

Oh ! the radiance of those eyes  
To me is more than paradise.

VEDDER.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart ;  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought.

As if the very lips and eyes,  
Predestined to have all our sighs ;  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before us then !

MOORE.

Looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth,  
A smile re-cures the wounding of a frown :  
But blessed banquet that by love so thriveth.

SHAKSPEARE.

### *The First Glance.*

---

Looks that made a sunshine in the shady place.

SPENCER.

Forgive me, if I cannot turn away  
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven ;  
For they are guiding stars, benignly given  
To tempt my footsteps in the upward way.

ANGELO.

He'll stand and read,  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

Only a look !—but the look was love,  
And my heart was conquered outright ;  
This look, like the light, the cloud rifts among,  
Beamed down like a star in the night.

BALFERN.

Looks that speak.

SHERIDAN.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

GOLDSMITH.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?

SHAKSPEARE.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight.

SHAKSPEARE.

Not the dear moment I beheld thee first,  
When my fond soul stood hovering at my eyes,  
And every passage of my yielding heart  
Expanded wide to let the charmer in ;  
Not scatter'd half the flames around my heart  
As I this moment feel.

GORING.

Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful.

SHAKSPEARE.

Gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.  
A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.

WHITTIER.

From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee ;  
I saw thee—midst the flowers the lowly boy  
Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,  
And joy, and freshness, as if spring itself  
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape !  
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man

### *The First Glance.*

Enter'd the breast of the wild dreaming boy,  
And from that hour I grew—what to the last  
I shall be—thine Adorer ! Well, this love,  
Vain, frantic, guilty if thou wilt—became  
A fountain of Ambition and bright Hope !  
I thought of tales, that by the winter hearth  
Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung from kings,  
Have stoop'd from their high sphere ! How love  
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook  
Beside the sceptre ! Thus I made my home  
In the soft palace of a fairy future.  
My father died, and I, the peasant-born,  
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise  
Out of the prison of my mean estate,  
And with such jewels as the exploring mind  
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom  
From those twin jailors of the daring heart,  
Low birth, and iron fortune.—Thy bright image,  
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,  
And lured me on to those inspiring toils  
By which man masters man.—For thee I grew  
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages—  
For thee I sought to borrow from each grace,  
And every muse, such attributes as lend  
Ideal charms to love—I thought of thee,  
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,  
And on the painter's canvas grew the life  
Of beauty ;—art became the shadow  
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not,  
But still toil'd on, hoped on ;—for it was sweet—  
If not to win—to feel more worthy of thee !

LYTTON.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace  
Which time and use are wont to teach,  
The eye may in a moment reach,  
And read distinctly in her face.

WALLER.

Thine eyes !  
So rich their blue, heaven's azure like a shade.

MOIR.



## ADMIRATION.

THIS is an absorbing passion,—so full of all that is lovely and true, that it breathes of the very heaven that it reflects. Love of the beautiful is a manifestation of the vast laws of nature, which, but for its appearance, had been for ever concealed from us. Beauty still lives, and still impresses us; 'tis never desolate, but always has some one to love and admire its sweet variety. Beauty is one of the realities of our being; instinct with life. All seems to flow into this one great heart; into one swelling melody, which finds its overflow in admiration and wonder. We have all felt its influence; and it centres in woman. No admiration is so full of tumultuous thought, as admiration born of loveliness and love.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Oh, that form !  
That angel face, on which my dotage hung !  
How have I gazed upon her, till my soul  
With very eagerness went forth to meet her,  
And issued at my eyes ! Was there a gem  
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mines,  
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields ?  
What was there art could make or wealth could buy,  
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty ?

ROWE.

Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness !

KEATS.

Thy form is all humanity !  
Thy soul all God's ; in spirit and in form  
Both fair ! Thy cheek has the pale, pearly pink  
Of sea-shells—the world's sweetest tints—as though  
You lived, one half might deem, on roses sopp'd  
In silver dew ! You speak as with the voice  
Of spherical harmony, which greets the soul  
When, at the hour of death, the saved one throws  
His sister angels near ! Your eye is as  
The golden fane the setting sun doth just  
Embrace, which shows, till heaven comes down again,  
All other lights but grades of gloom ! Your dark,  
Long rolling locks are as a stream the slave  
Might search for gold, and searching find !

BAILEY.

*Admiration.*

---

I am all love, and thou all over charms !  
Thou hast no equal ! a superior ray,  
Unrivall'd as the light that rules the day.

LANSDOWN.

Words cannot paint thee, gentlest cynosure,  
Of all things lovely, in that loveliest form  
Souls wear the youth of woman's brows as pure  
As Memphian skies that never knew a storm !  
Lips with such sweetness in their honeyed deeps,  
As fills the rose in which a fairy sleeps.

BULWER.

After you're gone  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd  
What stirr'd it so !—I found it love.

PHILASTER.

Now know I what is love.

VIRGIL.

My life was of a piece  
Spirit in your service—dying at your feet.

DON SEBASTIAN.

Face of her and grace of her whose gleaming  
Soothes my gentle spirit into dreaming ;  
Touch, the touch of her quick fingers,—  
Touch that reach'd my soul, and burns and lingers ;

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

✓ Breath of her, and scent of her, and bliss of her ;  
Dream of her, and smile of her, and kiss of her !  
Soul beyond my soul, yet ever near it,  
My heart's home, and haven of my spirit ;  
Joy of wind and wave, and cloud and blossom.

BUCHANAN.

Emilie, that fairer was to scene  
Than is the lilie on hire stalk grene ;  
And frescher than the May with flowers newe :  
For with the rose colour strof hire hewe,  
I wot which was the fyner of hem two.

CHAUCER.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

SHAKSPEARE.

A youth reclining at her side  
Gazed on her lucent loveliness ;  
With face averted, sought to hide  
The passion he could ill suppress.

LAUDER.

Oh ! she is all perfections,  
All that the blooming earth can send forth fair,  
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious.

LEE.

*Admiration.*

---

The blazing brightness of your beauties beam,  
The glorious light of thy sun-shining face  
To tell, were as to strive against the stream.

SPENSER.

Through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark, with excessive bright, thy skirts appear.

MILTON.

All that can please in earth or air  
Is but of thee a copy fair ;  
Thy beauty fills the world with light,  
Which without thee would sink in night.

BUSHE.

Her beauty is of kind, her virtues from above,  
Happy is he that can attain her love.

EARL OF KILDARE.

A lavish planet reign'd when you were born,  
And made you of such kindred mould to heaven,  
You seem more Heav'n's than mine !

DRYDEN.

Ne'er was wrought  
A fitter, fairer dwelling-place  
For tranquil joy or holy thought.

PRAED.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

This way you are fair,  
First pale you are, all delicate,  
Like the first sweetest leaf that shows  
Fruit-texture, and lets penetrate  
Through its pure secret to the flows  
Of inner feelings intricate  
That change and glow.

O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I long not for the cherries on the tree  
So much as those which on thy lip I see ;  
And more affection bear I to the rose  
That on thy cheek than in a garden grows.

RANDOLPH.

You are  
In gracious mind, in manners, and in person,  
The perfect model of all female beauty !

THOMSON.

The bloom of op'ning flowers unsully'd beauty,  
Softness and sweetest innocence you wear,  
You look like nature in the world's first spring.

ROWE.

Thy form is fresher than the morning rose  
When the dew wets its leaves : unstain'd and pure  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

THOMSON.

*Admiration.*

---

Her trumpet voice, still, still he seems to hear,  
Still the sweet accents charm his listening ear.

FAWKES.

✓Thy beauty sways my heart and charms my sight,  
Thy tongue is music, and thy smile delight.

SAVAGE.

Thy beauty makes thy virtue lovelier still appear ;  
Thy virtue makes thy beauty more extremely fair.

MISS MOORE.

Bright as the moon thou shin'st with silent light,  
And charm my sense with wonder and delight.

CONGREVE.

Thou hast been, art, and evermore shall be  
My morning star, and thou must still shine on.

BRADFIELD.

Is it a fault my life's bound up in thee ?  
That all my powers change with thy looks ?  
That my eyes gloat on thee when thou'rt present,  
And ache and roll for light when thou'rt absent ?

STEEL.

Loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

SHAKSPEARE.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

You love her then ?

Look ! if yon solid mountain were all gold,  
And each particular tree a band of jewels,  
And from its womb the Niebelungen hoard  
With elfin wardens called me, 'Leave thy love  
And be our master,' I would not turn away—  
And know no wealth but her !

KINGSLEY.

If from that bow, shaped so like beauty's lip  
Strung with its string of pearls, thou wilt twang forth  
But one dart, fair into the mark I mean,  
Do it, and I will worship thee for ever ;  
Yea, I will give thee glory and a name  
Known, sunlike, in all nations. Heart, be still !

BAILEY.

He who hath mark'd the opening love in spring,  
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.

MOXON.

To his eye

There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And *that* was shining on him. He had look'd  
Upon it till it could not pass away.  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers.  
She was his voice : he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words. She was his sight ;  
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,

### *Admiration.*

---

Which cover'd all his objects. He had ceased  
To live within himself : she was his life,—  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all. Upon a tone,  
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
And his cheek change tempestuously.

BYRON.

When love speechless is, it doth express  
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.  
Now, since my love is tongueless, know me such  
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

HERRICK.

My life is one warm summer's noon,  
That clasps *thee* in its throbbing light.

BENNETT.

No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,  
Though the fair child of nature newly born,  
Can be so lovely.

OTWAY.

I languish with the fondness of my love,  
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my heart.  
Oh ! thou'rt the very fountain of my joys,  
The spirit of my peace, my spring of life—  
All that my wishes would, or Heaven can give.

SOUTHERN.

### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

My joys are all derived from thee :  
Thou art their spring, their course : the rising dawn  
Looks clad alone, because it brings me thee.  
The noontide flows but at thy near approach ;  
The day and night, the seasons and their change,  
Borrow their beauties from thy pleasing presence.

BELLER.

'Tis not thy cheek's soft blended hue ;  
'Tis not thine eye of heavenly blue ;  
'Tis not the radiance of thy brow,  
That thus would win or charm me now.  
It is thy heart's warm light, that glows  
Like sunbeams on December snows.

CALLANDER.

Let me not live, but thou art all enjoyment,  
So charming and so sweet, that not a day  
But whole eternity were well employ'd  
To love thy each perfection as it ought.

DRYDEN.

In orbs of glory spirits live  
On such perfection.

KNOWLES.

Ah ! I remember—and how can I  
But evermore remember well?—when first  
Our flame began : when scarce we knew what 'twas

*Admiration.*

---

The flame was felt: when, as we sat and sighed,  
And look'd upon each other, and conceived  
Not what we ail'd; yet something we did ail,  
And yet were well, and yet we were not well;  
And what was our disease we could not tell.  
Then would we kiss, then sigh, and look; and thus,  
In the first garden of our simpleness,  
We spent our youth.

DANIEL.

'Tis she, she only, that can make me blest.  
Empire and wealth, and all she brings beside,  
Are but the train and trappings of her love.

DRYDEN.

Oh that my soul might take its final station  
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip,  
Or catch her blue eye's fascination,  
Or meet by stealth her soft vermillion lip!

WHITE.

At the sight of her my soul dilates itself,  
As at the view of a long absent friend,  
Unsatiate with gazing.

DENNIS.

Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

SHAKSPEARE.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

The deep rich music, streams  
Of that entrancing voice, which could bestow  
A rest to pleasure, and a balm to woe.

MOIR.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch ;  
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve : had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's—I would not prize them  
Without her love : for her, employ them all ;  
Commend them and condemn them to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thy dimpling cheek and deep blue eye,  
Where tender thought and feeling lie !  
Thine eyelid, like the evening cloud,  
That comes the star of love to shroud !

PRINGLE.

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

SHAKSPEARE.

For several virtues  
Have I liked several women : never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

## *Admiration.*

---

And put it to the foil : But you ! O you !  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is not night when I do see thy face.

SHAKSPEARE.

Nor does this world lack worlds of company ;  
For you in my respect are all the world.  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me ?

SHAKSPEARE.

But you do not look altered—would you did !  
Let me peruse the face where loveliness  
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.  
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,  
The soul sits beautiful—the high white front,  
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple  
Sacred to holy thinking—and those lips  
Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,  
They are so innocent. Ah ! thou art still  
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form  
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried  
Which should excel the other. Thou hast got  
That brightness all around thee, that appeared  
An emanation of the soul, that loved  
To adorn its habitation with itself,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

And in thy body was like light that looks  
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud  
It lives in, in the evening. Oh, Evadne,  
Thou art not altered !

SHIEL.



## DECLARATION.

HOW I do love thee ! is the language of the impassioned heart. How full of meaning to him who utters it ! How he counts the many ways he loves her ! It fills the very depth, and breadth, and height of his soul. She is to him the end of being, and ideal grace. His love is always to the level of every day's need, as new glories beam in upon him. He loves freely, as men strive for right. He loves purely, as true men turn from flattery. He loves with the passion of a young and new faith. He loves with the breath, the smiles, the tears of his life ; and, with God's blessing, he will still love on, even unto death. The moment of his declaration of love to her he loves is the supreme moment of the joy of his life ; from that hour he lives for her only,

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

and, if needs be, would die for her also! I can conceive nothing more beautiful than first love. The girl wedded with your destiny passes by—sweetly fair to view; fair by the light of an inward grace. The very mystery of beauty is there. Ever and anon heaven peeps through her eyes, and reflects its gentle glory upon her ever changeful face. Her sudden look of sweet surprise when she meets you: the blush of maidenhood on her cheek, more glorious than the beams of the setting sun, mantling the dormant love that nestles within. She is to you as an opening flower. She stands on the threshold of her life. You behold her as a noble dower—the noblest the world can give. Approach her gently. In that young form all that is good, gentle, and fair dwells, nestling in her budding youth. The warmth of your love will be to her as the sun to the world, and so she shall open out into fullest grace. God's last, best gift to man.

---

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay,  
And I will take thy word.

SHAKSPEARE.

The greatest men the world did ever grace,  
Have still allowed to love the highest place.

EARL OF ORRERY.

## *Declaration.*

---

It is love which mostly destinates our life.

Bailey.

But why stop to detail a conversation without special meaning or point, and that, even to the speakers themselves, is careless and inconsequent? If one could photograph a couple of souls peeping out from behind consciousness, and watching each other with swift electric comprehensive glances, and gathering in, unknown to their owners, a thousand little manifestations—the germs of sentiment which sooner or later will fructify into all the splendour of conscious passion. If one could photograph them, and a nice little vignette take the place of a long, wordy description, it would perhaps be worth while to make the attempt upon the reader's sympathy.

Mayo.

Speak again! The breath that tells you love  
Approaches like the gentle winds, that move  
Over the tops of fragrant flowers, and bring,  
To the blest sense, their souls upon the wing.

Howard.

Oh, let me kneel and swear,  
And on thy hand seal my religious vow:  
Straight let the breath of God blow me from earth,  
Swept from the book of fame, forgotten even,  
If I prefer thee not!

Lee.

### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

‘Wait till its glory fade ; that sun but burn’d  
To light your loveliness !’ The lady turn’d  
To me, flush’d by its lingering rays,  
Mute as a star. My frantic praise  
Fix’d wide her brightening gaze,

When, rapt in resolution, I told all  
The mighty love I bore her ; how would I pall  
My very breath of life, if she  
For ever breathed not hers with me ;  
Could I a spirit be,

How, vainly hoping to enrich her grace,  
What gems and wonders would I snatch from space—  
Would back from the vague distance beat,  
Glowing with joy her smile to meet,  
And heap them round her feet !

Her waist shook to my arm. She bow’d her head  
To mine in silence, and my fears had fled—  
(Just then we heard a tolling bell).  
Ah, no ; it is not right to tell ;  
But I remember well,

How dear the pressure of her warm young breast  
Against my own, her home ; how proud and blest  
I stood, and felt her trickling tears,  
While proudly murmuring in her ears  
The hopes of distant years.

### *Declaration.*

The rest I keep : a holy charm, a source  
Of secret strength and comfort on my course.  
Her glory left my pathway bright,  
And stars on stars throughout the night  
Came blooming into light.

WOOLNER.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.  
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise  
Sink in the soft captivity together.

ADDISON.

Leave thee ! forget thee ! blot thee from my heart !  
Erase the dear impression of thy charms !  
Sooner thou'l see me breathless, pale, and dead,  
Entomb'd in the cold bosom of the earth.

GORING.

To thee my secret soul more lowly bends,  
Than forms of outward worship can express.

ROWE.

By Heaven, the girl is wondrous fair !  
Of all I've seen, beyond compare.  
So sweetly virtuous and pure ;  
And yet a little spry, be sure !  
The lip so red, the cheek's clear dawn  
I'll not forget while the world rolls on !

GOETHE.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

In my heart,  
Bared full before thee, to the essence fine  
Wherewith, by whisperings of my Maker's breath,  
These stars of my new life are now inspired.  
In this pure essence shall thy treasured love  
Receive my adoration, and the thoughts  
Of thee shall open ever in my mind,  
Like the bland meads in flower, when thou appearest.

HORNE.

So will I love, words cannot speak how well!  
No pious son e'er loved his mother more  
Than I my dear Jocasta!

LEE.

Sweet lady! should I tell thee that I love?  
But less divine  
I may not think thee than thy looks approve:  
For never did the Idalian goddess move  
In more excelling beauty, self-create,  
Than thou—a maiden of earth's low estate—  
In thy meek majesty of quiet love!  
Nor deem this simple homage little worth,  
Because unto ideal virtues given.  
If on thy face—and be the sin forgiven!—  
I trace the soul of some celestial birth,  
Marvel not, lady! for we know of heaven  
But by the faith we realize of earth!

TRIEBNER.

*Declaration.*

---

There may be forms more beautiful,  
And souls of sunnier shine ;  
But none, O none, so dear to me  
As thou, sweet love of mine !

MASSEY.

Oh ! let me rather urge a gentler theme,  
And tell me how thou'rt shrined within my soul :  
How, since we met in childhood's happy years,  
Thy image, like a star, hath lit my path.

BALLANTYNE.

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart !

SHAKSPEARE.

My eye  
Ne'er gazed with joy on any other form.  
Witness, ye powers, who view our inmost thoughts,  
And see the mind yet rising into action,  
Did I e'er think of happiness without thee,  
Or feel a grief but as it gave thee pain ?

FRANCIS.

I know that thou dost love me. I in vain  
Strive to love aught of earth or heaven but thee.  
Thou art my first, last, only love !

Like stars,  
A thousand sweet, and bright, and wondrous fair,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

A thousand deathless miracles of beauty,  
They shall ever pass at all but eyeless distance,  
And never mix with thy love ; but be lost  
All meanly in its moonlike lustrousness !

BAILEY.

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean ;  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet commotion.  
Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle ;  
Why not I with thine ?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another ;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother.  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me ?

SHELLEY.

For when love took his station in my heart,  
He stood before me and suggested thoughts  
Unto my mind, which since have seldom slept.

DANTE.

*Declaration.*

‘Not so !’ cried Arthur, as his loyal knee  
Bent to the earth, and with the knightly truth  
Of his right hand he clasp’d her own ; ‘To be  
Thine evermore ; youth mingled with thy youth,  
Age with thine age ; in thy grave mine ; above,  
Soul with thy soul !’

LYTTON.

Oh ! I behold thee as my pledge of happiness,  
And know none fair, none excellent beside thee !  
I still will love thee with unwearied constancy  
Through every season, every change of life ;  
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and misfortune !

ROWE.

‘ And what am I to you ? a steady hand  
To hold ; a steadfast heart to trust withal :  
Merely a man that loves you, and will stand  
By you, whate’er befall.

INGELOW.

Live ! live ! and reign for ever in my bosom,  
Safe and unrivall’d there possess thy own.  
And you, ye brighter of the stars above,  
Ye saints that once were women here below,  
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship  
Which here to this my other self I vow :  
If I not hold her nearer to my soul  
Than every other joy the world can give,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Let poverty, deformity and shame,  
Distraction and despair, seize me on earth ;  
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,  
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial love.

ROWE.

O my soul's joy !  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death ;  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympian high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven ! If I were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

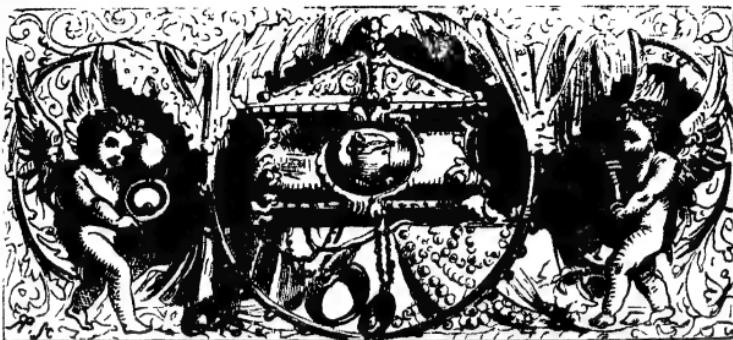
SHAKSPEARE.

For me be witness, all ye host of heaven,  
That thou art dear to me ;  
Dearer than day to one whom sight must leave !  
Dearer than life to one who fears to die !

LEE.

I love you for the sake of what you are.

INGELOW.



## B E T R O T H E D.

THAT our future may copy this fair text !  
Betrothed ! What a world of meaning in that  
word ! What a double life—the ideal of your  
ministering angel realized ! You are no longer alone.  
You have won your lady's faith as a noble and lofty  
thing. Bravely, as for life and death, and with the  
loyalty of a true man. Henceforth lead her on.  
Speak lovingly to her. Guard her by your truthful  
words—free from flattery—full of consolation and joy.  
Then, by your truth, she shall be true. True genuine  
love is always built upon esteem. Not that a man  
can argue himself into love, but that a constant inter-  
course with an amiable woman will lead him into a  
contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

insensibly win her heart before he is himself aware of it, and beget all those hopes and fears which are the natural attendants on a true passion.

She loves me then !  
She who to me was as a nightingale  
That sings in magic gardens, rock-beleaguer'd,  
To passing angels melancholy music,—  
Whose dark eyes hung like far-off evening stars  
Through rosy-cushion'd windows, coldly shining,  
Down from the cloud-world of her unknown fancy,—  
She for whom holiest touch of holiest knight  
Seem'd all too gross—who might have been a saint,  
And companied with angels,—thus to pluck  
The spotless rose of her own maidenhood  
To give it unto me !

KINGSLEY.

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while,  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast ;  
For while I gazed in transports tossed,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

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*Betrothed.*

My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame  
Ran quickly through my vital frame ;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In deadly damps my limbs were chilled,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled ;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;  
I fainted, sank, and died away.

SAPPHO, *translated by*  
*Ambrose Philips, 1675-1749.*

Listen the flowers that word to learn  
Which the little sweet mouth must say to me.  
Faintly it flutters the fairy fern,  
What will it be? Oh! what will it be?  
Tender the gleam in those eyes of light,  
As she says the best thing said to-night!

COLLINS.

Speak it not lightly ! 'tis a holy thing—  
A bond enduring through long distant years,  
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,  
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears—  
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,  
And must be question'd in eternity !

Speak it not lightly !—though the young and gay  
Are thronging round thee now with tones of mirth,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Let not the holy promise of to-day  
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth ;  
But ever bright and sacred may it be,  
Stored in the treasure cell of memory.

Life will not prove all sunshine,—there will come  
Dark hours for all. Oh ! will ye, when the night  
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,  
Love as ye did in times when calm and bright  
Seem'd the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,  
And deem'd the future, like the present, fair ?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,  
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow ;  
Languor and pain assail each active limb,  
And lay, perchance, some worshipp'd beauty low ;  
Then, will ye gaze upon the alter'd brow  
And love as fondly, faithfully as now ?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head ;  
Should storms o'er take your bark on life's dark sea ;  
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread  
When Hope her syren strain sang joyously ;  
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'er cast,  
And say, *together* we will tide the blast ?

BRYANT.



## COURTSHIP.

IT was very beautiful to see how those two young lovers adjusted themselves, he steadyng into his place of master and ruler, she as naturally taking hers of the one to be guided. I did not know there was so much tender authority about him. I could not have thought there had been such willingness to be led in her. I suppose it was because they belonged to each other. The colours of their minds so contrasted, that each came out in new beauty. Each was the complement of the other, or, subtly interpenetrating, formed a new tint, whilst that which they possessed independently retained its own original beauty. I used to amuse myself sometimes by speculating as to the effect which a character like Birdie's would have had upon John Elphinston, or one like

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Ted Ullathorne's upon Tyne, had unkindly circumstances forced them together. I thought what these four people might have become; how the good in them would have withered for lack of companionship, how the worst in each would have come out. I began to wonder whether there is not a chemistry of mind as well as matter, and whether all the misunderstandings and disturbances and commotions one meets with in domestic life, do not arise from certain elements of character having been deposited in the wrong place. For instance, you take a phial of some thick, muddy fluid—a fluid which is not to blame for being thick, but is thick simply because it cannot help itself—you put a few drops of something else into it; the muddy particles precipitate, and in a moment or two all is clear—transparent as the purest water. You might have put other drops in, which, instead of producing any such effect, would have quietly gone down to the bottom, with no result at all; or you might have taken a phial of perfectly clear fluid, and the very drops which precipitated the muddiness in the dirty phial would have made a storm of effervescence in the clear one, and finally burst it in pieces. The simple fact of putting the right drops in the right phial make all the difference. Perhaps human characters are acted upon in the same way. Perhaps one spirit brought

*Courtship.*

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into contact with another might precipitate its follies, and produce clearness where before all had been confusion. Perhaps the very same spirit brought into contact with another spirit, which did not need such treatment, would produce nothing but effervescence and explosion. Perhaps two spirits who have neither affinity nor repulsion come together, and live for a whole life side by side in the same phial without exercising any influence upon each other for good or evil ; whereas the two, if brought into contact with different elements, might have created entirely new combinations of character. How far these laws of spiritual chemistry may be fixed, and how far people may learn what elements of character in other people will enter into union with their own, producing pleasing combinations, or what, by power of repulsion, would ensure discord and ultimate destruction, would perhaps be an interesting study, and one of much importance to the peace of families. John Elphinston and Tyne seemed to have come to a satisfactory conclusion on the subject.—*The Author of 'Janita's Cross,' 1875.*

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Won by the charm  
Of goodness irresistible, and all  
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.

THOMSON.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Yester evening she spake twice my name,  
Meaning another's. Hence am I most proud,  
Hence potent ; hence such bliss it is to love.  
With smallest thought of being loved again ;  
That though I know not how this heaven on earth  
Can change to one still heavenlier, nor less holy.  
I am caught up, like saints in ecstasies,  
Above the ground : tread air, see not the sweets  
Through which I pass, for sweetness of delight,  
And, hugging to my secret heart one bosom,  
I live as though the earth held but two faces,  
And mine perpetually look'd on hers.

HUNT.

Days pass'd, and now my patient steps  
That maiden's walks attend :  
My vows had reach'd that maiden's ear,  
Ay, e'er she ca'd me friend.  
An' I was bless'd, as bless'd can be ;  
The fond, daft dreamer Hope  
Ne'er dream'd o' happier days than mine,  
Or joys o' ampler scope.

HENRISON.

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

SHAKSPEARE.

## *Courtship.*

Oh joy ! to know there's one fond heart  
Beats ever true to me ;  
It sets mine leaping like a lyre  
In sweetest melody.

My soul, up-springs a deity !  
To hear her voice divine ;  
And dear, oh, very dear to me,  
Is this sweet love of mine !

MASSEY.

Her lips were parted, and the measured breath  
Was now heard there. Her dark and intricate eyes,  
Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death,  
Absorb'd the glories of the burning skies,  
Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,  
Burst from her looks and gestures ;—and a light  
Of liquid tenderness, like love, did rise  
From her whole frame.—An atmosphere which quite  
Array'd her in its beams, tremulous and soft and bright.

SHELLEY.

*Halbert.*

Helen, no—

It is a dream ; your heart is mine, mine only,—  
I'll read it here : you have not pledged its faith  
To—any other ?

*Helen.*      No ; not yet.

*Halbert.*      Thank God !

Then you are mine : we have been betrothed for years.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

*Helen.* Would it had been so!

*Halbert.* You desire it?

*Helen.* Yes;

I then had kept such watch upon my soul,  
As had not let the shadow of a thought  
Fall on your image there; but not a word  
Of courtship pass'd between us.

*Halbert.* Not a word.

Words are for lighter loves, that spread their films  
Of glossy threads, which while the air's serene  
Hang gracefully, and sparkle in the sun  
Of fortune, or reflect the fainter beams  
Which moonlight fancy sheds;—but ours—yes, ours!—  
Was woven with the toughest yarn of life,  
For it was blended with the noblest things  
We lived for; with the majesties of old,  
The sable train of mighty griefs o'erarch'd  
By Time's deep shadows; with the fate of kings,—  
A glorious dynasty—for ever crush'd  
With the great sentiments which made them strong  
In the affections of mankind;—with grief  
For rock-enthronèd Scotland; with poor fortune  
Shared cheerfully; with high resolves; with thoughts  
Of death, and with hopes that cannot die.

*Helen.* What shall I do?

*Halbert.* Hear me while I invoke  
The spirit of one moment to attest,  
In the great eye of love-approving Heaven,  
We are each other's. When a fragile bark

## *Courtship.*

Convey'd our little household to partake  
The blessing that yet lingers o'er the shrine  
Of desolate Iona, the faint breath  
Of evening wasted us through cluster'd piles  
Of gently-moulded columns, which the sea—  
Softening from tenderest green to foam more white  
Than snow-wreaths on a marble ridge—illumed  
As 'twould dissolve and win them ;—till a cave,  
The glorious work of angel architects  
Sent on commission to the sacred isle,—  
From which, as from a fountain, God's own light  
Stream'd o'er dark Europe—in its fretted span  
Embraced us.—Pedestals of glistening black  
Rose, as if waiting for the airy tread  
Of some enraptured seraph who might pause,  
To see blue Ocean through the sculptured ribs  
Of the tall archway's curve, delight to-lend  
His vastness to the lovely. We were charm'd,  
Not awe-struck ;—for The Beautiful was there  
Triumphant in its palace. As we gazed,  
Rapt and enamour'd, our small vessel struck  
The cavern's side, and by a shock which seem'd  
The last that we should suffer, you were thrown  
Upon my neck.—You clasp'd me then ; and shared  
One thought of love and heaven !

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

In your own clear simplicity of heart,  
Did you believe me yours ?

*Halbert.* Yes ; and you are ;  
With this sweet token I assure you mine.

[Places a ring on her finger.  
In sight of angels. Bless you !

*Helen.* It is done,—  
I dare not, cannot, tear this ring away.

TALFOURD.

His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,  
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew.

BYRON.

My true heart and service vow'd, shall last time out of  
mind,  
And still remain as thine by doom, as Cupid hath assign'd  
My faith to lure ! I vow to thee my troth, thou know'st  
too well.

My goods, my friends, my life, is thine ; what need I more  
to tell ?

I am not mine, but thine : I vow thy hests I will obey,  
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing, if I may ;  
And sith I have no flying wings, to serve thee as I wish,  
No fins to cut the silver streams, as doth the gliding fish,  
Wherefore leave now forgetfulness, and send again to me,  
And strain thy azure veins to write, that I may greeting  
see.

EDWARDS.

*Courtship.*

---

Oh love, requited love ! how fine thy thrills  
That shake the trembling flame with ecstasy !  
Ev'n every vein celestial pleasure fills,  
And inexpressive bliss is in each sigh.

BRYDGES.

Thou sweetest thing  
That e'er did fix its lightly-fibred spray  
To the rude rock.—Ah ! wouldest thou cling to me ?  
Rough and storm-worn I am ; yet, love me as  
Thou truly dost, I will love thee again  
With true and honest heart, though all unmeet  
To be the mate of such sweet gentleman.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
Of giving joy.

THOMSON.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
All seasons and their change,—all please alike.

MILTON.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments ; love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
Oh no. It is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose works unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's foot, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come.  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom ;  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SHAKSPEARE.

O must thou have my love, dear, commingled with thy  
soul ?  
Red glows the cheek, and warm the hand, the part is in  
the whole.  
Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate when soul is join'd  
to soul.

BROWNING.

As falls the flooding moonlight round me,  
Fall heaven's best joys on thy beloved head !  
May cares that harrow, and may griefs that wound me,  
Flee from thy path and bed.  
Be every thought that lies, and hour that flies,  
Sweet as thy smile, and radiant as thine eyes.

D. M. MOIR.

Take my faith by changes unremoved  
To thy last hour of age and being beloved !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

*Courtship.*

---

They had not spoken ; but they felt allured,  
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd ;  
Which being join'd, like swarming bees they clung,—  
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

BYRON.

I had so fix'd my heart upon her,  
That whensoe'er I framed a scheme of life,  
For time to come she was my only joy,  
With which I used to sweeten future cares.  
I fancied pleasures ; none but one who loves  
And doats as I did, can imagine like them.

OTWAY.

It is a gentle and affectionate thought,  
That in immeasurable heights above us,  
At our first birth the wreath of love was woven  
With sparkling stars for flowers.

COLERIDGE.

Come, let me take thee to my heart,  
An' pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;  
An' I shall spurn as vilest dust  
The world's wealth an' grandeur.  
An' do I hear my Jeanie own  
That equal transports move her ?  
I ask for dearest life alone  
That I may live to love her !

BURNS.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Oh ! there is one affection which no stain  
Of earth can ever darken—when two find,  
The softer and the manlier, that a chain  
Of kindred taste has fasten'd mind to mind.  
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined ;  
The good can only know it. 'Tis not blind  
As love is, unto baseness ; its desire  
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.

PERCIVAL.

Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss,  
Since every other joy, how dear soever,  
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.

ROWE.





## FIRST KISS.

LOVE gives as well as takes; and no sweeter token under heaven than that most sweet induction—a kiss. All understand it; all come to feel how far above fancy, pride, and fickleness, earthly pleasure, or all imagined good, is the warm breath of a first kiss. Affection's seal ever since the world held two. What a speaking silence! what a dumb confession! when the heart is too full to do aught else, it is the dearest token of young love—it is passion's birth. A chaste concession betokening the dawn of a brighter day. No words can speak so pure a language, so thrilling, so sincere as a kiss.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

(1.) Among thy fancies, tell me this :  
    What is the thing we call a kiss ?—  
(2.) I shall resolve ye what it is :

✓ | It is a creature born and bred  
    Between the lips, all cherry red ;  
    By love and warm desires fed ;

(Chorus)—And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies  
    First to the babies of the eyes,  
    And charms them there with lullabies ;  
(Chorus)—And stills the bride, too, when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,  
    It frisks and flies : now here, now there ;  
    'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near ;  
(Chorus)—And here, and there, and everywhere.

(1.) Has it a speaking virtue ? (2.) Yes.  
(1.) How speaks it, say ? (2.) Do you but this,  
    Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss ;  
(Chorus)—And this love's sweetest language is.

(1.) Has it a body ? (2.) Ay, and wings,  
    With thousand rare encolourings ;  
    And as it flies, it gently sings.

(Chorus)—Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK, 1591.

*First Kiss.*

Her impressive kisses did inspire.

MARMION.

Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss.

BURNS.

Some say that kissing's a sin,  
But I think it's nane ava ;  
For kissing has wonn'd in this world  
Since ever that there was twa.

Oh, if it wasna lawfu',  
Lawyers wadna allow it ;  
If it was not holy,  
Ministers wadna do it ;

If it wasna modest,  
Maidens wadna tak' it ;  
If it wasna plenty,  
Puir folk wadna get it.

BURNS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes  
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe ;  
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,  
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.  
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal  
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss ;  
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Nor rob her I of ought what she can miss :  
Nay—should I twenty kisses take away,  
There would be little sign I would do so ;  
Why then should I this robbery delay ?  
Oh, she may wake, and therewith angry grow !  
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,  
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

GEO. WITHER.

A kiss fairly electrifies you ; it warms your blood, and sets your heart a-beating like a brass drum, and makes your eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night. It ain't a thing ever to be forgot. No language can express it, no letters will give the sound. Then, what in natur' is equal to the flavour of it ? What an aroma it has ! How spiritual it is ! It ain't gross, for you can't feed on it ; it don't cloy, for the palate ain't required to test its taste. It is neither visible, nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable. It is not a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapour. It has neither colour nor form ; imagination can't conceive it. It can't be imitated or forged. It is confined to no clime or country, but is ubiquitous. It is disembodied when completed, but is instantly reproduced, and so is immortal. It is as old as the creation, and yet is as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist. It pervades all nature. The breeze, as it passes, kisses the rose, and the pendant vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in an eddy to

### *First Kiss.*

---

meet it, and raises its tiny waves, like anxious lips, to receive it. Depend upon it, Eve learned it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues, and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it. How it is adapted to all circumstances ! There is the kiss of welcome and of parting ; the long, lingering, loving, present one ; the stolen, or the mutual one ; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow ; the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfilment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose armoury consists of kisses, smiles, sighs, and tears ?

HALIBURTON.

It is permitted to kiss chastely those we love, the custom of the world having made it pass for a mark of amity which may be given and taken without scandal.

The kisses of lovers are different, nor ought to be too much indulged, lest they become injurious to the purity of their passion.

Thrasibus, being enamoured of the daughter of Pisistratus, happening to meet her, gave her a kiss ; at which her mother was so much offended, that she demanded revenge of her husband ; to which he wisely answered, If we hate those who love us, what shall we do to those who hate us ? And instead of resenting what Thrasibus had done, rewarded his passion by giving him his daughter.

PLUTARCH in the notable *Sayings of Kings*.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

I'll number so many vermeil kisses,  
Envy can never count our blisses.

MOORE.

Oh that joy so soon should waste !  
Or so sweet a bliss  
As a kiss  
Might not for ever last !  
So sugar'd, so melting, so soft, so delicious,  
The dew that lies on roses,  
When the Morn herself discloses,  
Is not so precious.  
Oh, rather than I would it smother,  
Were I to taste such another,  
It should be my wishing  
That I might die kissing.

BEN JONSON.

Breathing  
As from an infant's lips, a timid kiss.

WILSON.

I can express no kinder sign of love  
Than this kind kiss.

SHAKSPEARE.

Many a chaste kiss given  
In hope of coming happiness.

FLETCHER.

### *First Kiss.*

Fragrant kisses, and the rest among,  
One honey kiss.

MARMION.

These lips, too, with close, warm kisses strove  
To whisper something more than sister's love.

OLDHAM.

The ruffling dalliance, and the kindling kiss.

PAULING.

Moments of joy are like Lesbia's kisses,  
Too quick and sweet to be reckoned.

MOORE.

Ruby lips indulge a mutual kiss,  
And blush luxuriant in their envied bliss.

PATTISON.

Even thy soothing kiss, O Venus, dies !

POLWHITE.

An age of pleasure in each generous kiss ;  
Years of delight in moments.

POMFRET.

With many a glowing kiss,  
Eugenia's lip has sealed your bliss.

DALLAS.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

✓ | Embrace his deare with many a friendly kisse.  
DRAYTON.

✓ | Sighs and whispers, murmuring kisses,  
All ye blandishments of art.  
ELTON.

✓ | Around my neck her snowy arms she throws.  
And to my lips with nestling kisses glows.  
GARTH.

✓ | Sweetheart, I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.  
SHAKSPEARE.

✓ | By her fair hand she swears  
One sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.  
SHAKSPEARE.

✓ | Come, my sweet Corinna, come,  
With thy sweet and perfumed kisses . . .  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

✓ | This kiss indeed is sweet,—pray God  
No sin lie under it.  
BEAUM.

✓ | Kiss softer than a southern wind.  
CENTLIVRE.

*First Kiss.*

---

Will you acknowledge your time recompensed?  
Yes, by this honest kiss.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

| The kiss so guiltless and refined,  
| That love each warmer wish forbore.

BYRON.

| Thy soul's chaste kisses were for virtue's sake.

CHAPMAN.

| Sweet are thy freshest kisses.

COWLEY.

| Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest.

BYRON.

| You shall not only from her lip taste cherries,  
| But she shall plant them with a loving kiss.

SHIRLEY.

Beautiful, eager, triumphant, he leapt back again to  
his treasure,  
Leapt back again, full blést, towards arms spread  
wide to receive him.  
Brimful of honour he clasp'd, and brimful of love  
she caress'd him,  
Answering lip with lip.

NAWAB SALAR JUNG KHADIAN KINGSLEY.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

| In moist nectar kisses thou dost pledge me.

MARLOWE.

| I'll number so many honeyed kisses,  
No tongue shall tell the sum but mine.

MOORE.

| Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,  
As seal—

SHAKSPEARE.

| A burning kiss,  
Glowes the sweet pledge of promised bliss.

HERBERT.

Warm were her lips, and every printed kiss  
With melting touches met.

HOPKINS.

Her engaging smile, her look  
Of meek affection, her impassion'd kiss.

HURDIS.

| I'll seal thy loving lips with this close kiss.

HILL.

| Steals ambrosial bliss,  
And soft imprints the charming kiss.

LLOYD.

*First Kiss.*

---

With a kiss her lips he sweetly press'd—  
Most blessed kiss.

SPENSER.

Methinks yet on my cheek thy breathing lingers,  
As fondly leant to thine—

D. M. MOIR.

Kisses, when the heart on one wild leap,  
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above  
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale,  
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars

TENNYSON.

In the bright transfiguration of Love did shine  
Wondrously each on each, and wed  
Their perfect emanating bliss,  
In ways of an eternal kiss.

O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Oh! let me live for ever on these lips ;  
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.

DRYDEN.

When in the dark hours (we two alone)  
Close-kiss'd and eloquent of still replies,  
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,  
And my soul only sees thy soul its own.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Such innocent kisses, you'd have thought  
You had seen turtles billing.

RANDOLPH.

There snatch the fleeting bliss,  
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss.

JENYNS.

Each kiss  
Which dwelleth on thy lips, so very teasing.

WOLCOTT.

Nature, that gave the bee so feate a grace  
To find honey of so wondrous fashion ;  
Hath taught the spyder, out of the same place,  
To fetch poyon by strange alteration.  
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case  
With one kiss, by a secret operation,  
Both these at once, in those your lips to finde,  
In change whereof I leave my heart behinde.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

May I taste  
The nectar of her lip ? I do not give it  
The praise it merits ; antiquity is too poor  
To help me with a simile t' express it.  
Let me drink often with this living spring,  
To nourish new invention.

MASSINGER.

*First Kiss.*

---

I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart.  
The kiss went tingling to my panting heart ;  
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,  
The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,  
Like drops of honey, loath to fall-away.

DRYDEN.

Turn back, my dear ; Oh, let my ravish'd eye  
Once more behold thy face before thou fly !  
What ! shall we part without a mutual kiss ?  
Oh who can leave so sweet a face as this ?  
Oh leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me !  
Look, look upon me, tho' thine eyes o'ercome me.  
But go not far beyond the reach of breath ;  
Too large a distance makes another death.

QUARLES.

Oh ! could I give the world,  
One kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy lips,  
I were a gainer by the vast exchange.  
The fragrant infancy of opening flowers,  
Flow'd to my senses in that meeting kiss.

SOUTHERN.

One kiss more, sweet !  
Soft as voluptuous wind of the west,  
Or silkenest surge of thy purple-vein'd breast,  
Ripe lips all ruddily melting apart,  
Drink up the honey and wine of my heart !

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

One kiss more, sweet !

Warm as a morning sunbeam's dewy gold  
Slips in a red rose's fragrantest fold,  
Sets its green blood all a-blush, burning up  
At the fresh feel of life, in its crimson cup !

One kiss more, sweet !

Full as the flush of the sea-waves grand,  
Flooding the sheeny fire out of the sand ;  
On all the shores of my being let bliss  
Break with its neap-tide sea in a kiss !

MASSEY.

Thy lips the coral cell,  
Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell.

SMART.

Sweet good night !

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet

SHAKSPEARE.

Would you have me

Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use  
To their inferiors, as if they intended  
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,  
And not a salutation ?

MASSINGER.



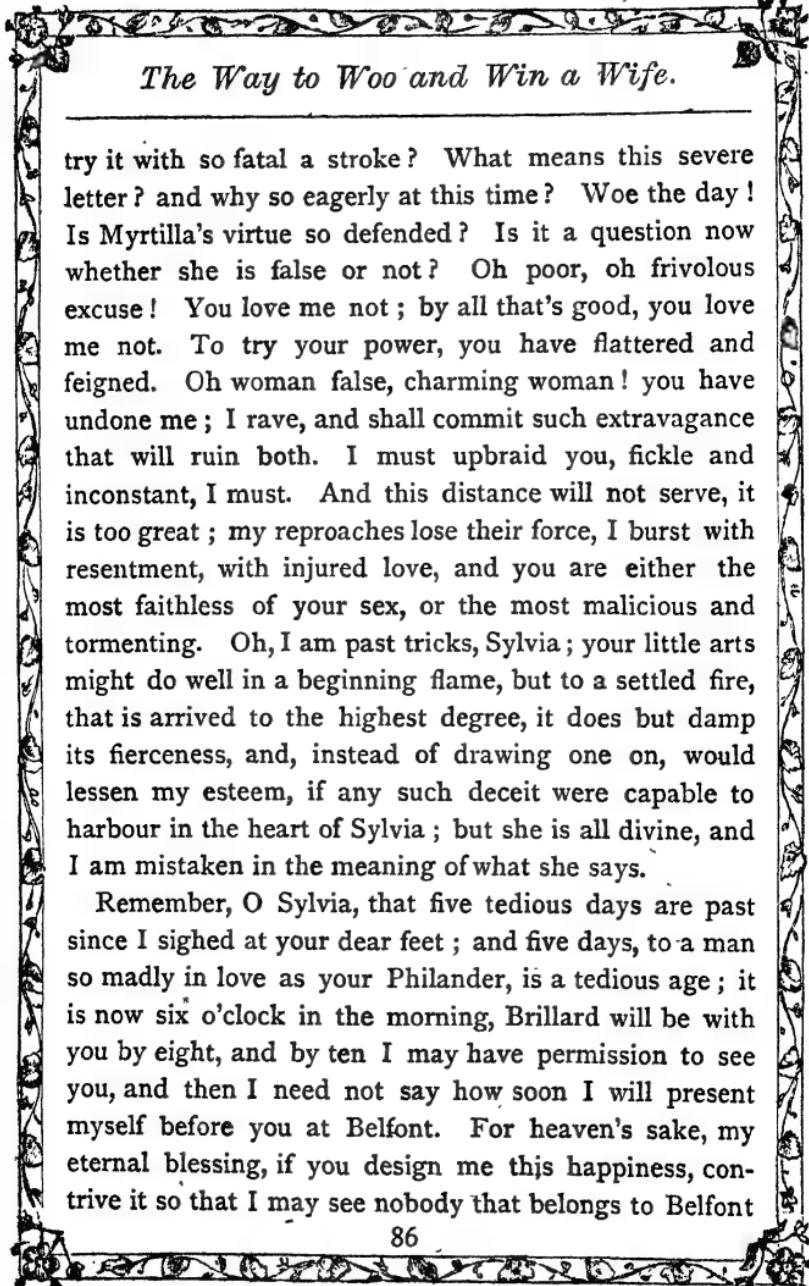
## LOVE LETTERS OF OLD.

HERE introduce a few 'Love Letters' written by men of rank, of position, of genius, simply to show how this noble passion affected them. I entirely agree with Shakspeare, who thinks a man may advise another in all things save love. *That* is a matter so entirely personal and original, that it were presumption to tell one of either sex how to love. Every love is a fresh emanation, adapted to the two concerned and no other.

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LORD GREY TO LADY HENRIETTA BERKELEY.

My soul's eternal joy, my Sylvia ! What have you done, and oh ! how durst you, knowing my fond heart,



### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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try it with so fatal a stroke? What means this severe letter? and why so eagerly at this time? Woe the day! Is Myrtilla's virtue so defended? Is it a question now whether she is false or not? Oh poor, oh frivolous excuse! You love me not; by all that's good, you love me not. To try your power, you have flattered and feigned. Oh woman false, charming woman! you have undone me; I rave, and shall commit such extravagance that will ruin both. I must upbraid you, fickle and inconstant, I must. And this distance will not serve, it is too great; my reproaches lose their force, I burst with resentment, with injured love, and you are either the most faithless of your sex, or the most malicious and tormenting. Oh, I am past tricks, Sylvia; your little arts might do well in a beginning flame, but to a settled fire, that is arrived to the highest degree, it does but damp its fierceness, and, instead of drawing one on, would lessen my esteem, if any such deceit were capable to harbour in the heart of Sylvia; but she is all divine, and I am mistaken in the meaning of what she says.

Remember, O Sylvia, that five tedious days are past since I sighed at your dear feet; and five days, to a man so madly in love as your Philander, is a tedious age; it is now six o'clock in the morning, Brillard will be with you by eight, and by ten I may have permission to see you, and then I need not say how soon I will present myself before you at Belfont. For heaven's sake, my eternal blessing, if you design me this happiness, contrive it so that I may see nobody that belongs to Belfont

*Love Letters of Old.*

---

but the fair, the lovely Sylvia ; for I must be more moments with you than will be convenient to be taken notice of, lest they suspect our business to be love, and that discovery yet may ruin us. Oh, I will delay no longer, my soul is impatient to see you, I cannot live another night without it. I die, by heaven, I languish for the appointed hour. You will believe, when you see my languid face and dying eyes, how much and great a sufferer I am.

My soul's delight, you may, perhaps, deny me from your fear ; but oh, do not, though I ask a mighty blessing. Oh ! though I faint with the thought only of so blessed an opportunity, yet you shall secure me by what vows, by what imprecations, by what ties you please. But let me hear your angel voice, and have the transporting joy of throwing myself at your feet. And if you please, give me leave (of a man condemned eternally to love) to plead a little for my life and passion. Let me remove your fears ; and though that mighty task never make me entirely happy, at least it will be a great satisfaction to me to know that it is not through my faith that I am the

Most wretched

PHILANDER.

HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEYN.

MINE OWN SWEET HEART,—This shall be to advertise you of the great loneliness that I find since your

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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departing, for I assure you me thinketh the time longer since your departing now last, than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervency of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not have thought it possible that for so little a while it should have grieved me. But now that I am coming towards you me thinketh my pains be half relieved, and also I am right well comforted, insomuch as my book maketh substantially for my matter. In token whereof I have spent above four hours this day upon it, which has caused me to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head, . . .

HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEVN.

MY MISTRESS AND MY FRIEND,—My heart and I surrender themselves into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affections may not be diminished to us; for that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than ever I thought could be felt. This brings to my mind a fact in astronomy, which is, that the further the poles are from the sun, notwithstanding, the more scorching is the heat. Thus is it with our love: absence has placed distance between us, nevertheless fervour increases—at least on my part. I hope the same from you, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence

*-Love Letters of Old.*

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is so great, that it would be intolerable were it not for the firm hope I have of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing which comes nearest that is possible, that is to say, my picture, and the whole device, which you already know of, set in bracelets, wishing myself in their place when it pleases you. This is from the hand of your servant and friend,

H. R.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune not to give up those that are snatched from us, but follow them with warmer zeal the further they are removed from the sense of it. Sure flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles ; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things to reach you at this distance. It is a generous piece of Popery that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world ; let it be right or wrong, the very extravagance is a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost, but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses and prayers after you. You have carried away so much of my esteem, that what remains of it

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here ; and I believe in three or four months more I shall think Auratbassar as good a place as Covent Garden. You may imagine this but raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic ; so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing or praises one ; it is no wonder such people are thought mad, for they are as much out of the way of common understanding as if they were mad, because they are in the right. On my conscience, as the world goes, it is never worth anybody's while to do a noble thing for the honour of it ; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts are, and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor Lady Mary for sacrificing herself, must hope to be ever compared with Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger ; for, having frequented those people most since you went who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often as that you went away in a black full-bottom, which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, Love is blind. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism but on the score of your head, and the two fine eyes that are in it.

For God's sake, madam, when you write to me, talk of yourself ; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of ; talk a great deal of yourself, that she, who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject.

*Love Letters of Old.*

The shrines and reliques you tell me of no way engage my curiosity. I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see your face than St. John Baptist's head. I wish you had not only all those fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

ALEX. POPE.

TO SOPHIE VOLAND.

*9th October 1759.*

I am at a friend's, and I write to her I love. Do you know, dear girl, how happy you render me? Do you know by what ties I am attached to you? Do you doubt that my feelings for you will last as long as my life? I was full of the tenderness with which you have inspired me, when I was in the company of my friends. It shone in my eyes; it spoke in my tongue; it governed every motion; it showed itself in everything. I must have appeared very strange to them; extraordinarily inspired; divine! Grimm had not eyes enough wherewith to see me, nor ears enough to hear me—they were all astonished. I experienced an internal satisfaction which I am unable to express to you. It was as if a fire burned at the bottom of my heart, swelling my bosom, which shone upon and warmed them. We passed a night of enthusiasm, of which I was the focus. It is not without regret that I leave so charming a position. Yet

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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I must—duty calls me, and I obey. Upon leaving Grandval, I could not help returning to Montamy, who said, ‘Ah, my dear sir, what pleasure you have given me !’ And I replied in a whisper, ‘It is not I, but *she* who has inspired me.’—Adieu, my dear Sophie!—adieu, dear girl! I am impatient to see you again ; and yet I have just parted from you. To-morrow at nine I shall be with the baron. I had much rather be with you. Adieu ! adieu !

DENIS DIDEROT.

SWIFT TO VANESSA.

GALLSTOWN, NEAR KINNEGAD, *July 5, 1721.*

It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary mind to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last, though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease ; and that you have no pretences in the world to, if all the advantages in life can be any defence against it. Cad assures me he continues to esteem, and love, and value above all things, and so will do to the end of his life, but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men in all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how

## Love Letters of Old.

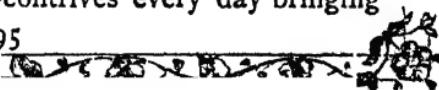
I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding or walking, and refraining from everything agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and converse with fools and impertinents, to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee, and become so low as to have no spirits. I answer all your questions that you were used to ask Cad, and he protests he answers them in the affirmative. How go your law affairs? You were once a good lawyer, but Cad has spoiled you. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cad shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folk's plantations and ditchings as if they were my own concern, and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them.

Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise to make Cad and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things are as you desire. I can say no more, being called away—*mais soyez assurée que jamais personne du monde a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend till I see you again; there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.



*Love Letters of Old.*

trating looks at the chair thou hast ~~swept~~ graced in those quiet and sentimental repasts, then laid down my knife and fork and took out my handkerchief and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child. I do so this very moment, my L—, for as I take up my pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper as I trace the word L—. O thou! blessed in thyself and in thy virtues—blessed to all who know thee—to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex. This is the philtre, my L—, by which thou hast charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine whilst virtue and faith hold this world together. This, my friend, is the plain and simple magic by which I told Miss — I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend so satisfied, that time, or distance, or change of everything which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine. Wast thou to stay in S— these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted—'tis the only exception where security is not the parent of danger. I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since your departure—contrives every day bringing





## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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in the name of L—. She told me last night, upon giving me some hartshorn, she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S—, that I had never held up my head, had seldom or scarce ever smiled ; had fled from all society ; that she verily believed I was broken-hearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily—that I neither eat, or slept, or took pleasure in anything as before. Judge then, my L—, can the valley look so well, or the roses and jessamines smell so sweet, as heretofore ? Ah me ! but adieu, the vesper bell calls me from thee to my God !

L. STERNE.

### CHEVALIER D'AYDIE TO MADEMOISELLE AÏSSE.

Your letter, my dear Aïssé, touched my feelings much more than it vexed me ; it has an air of truth and an odour of virtue which is irresistible. I can complain of nothing since you promise to love me always. I confess I do not entertain the same principles as yourself, but, thank God, I am far from indulging in a spirit of proselytism ; and I think it only just that every one should conduct himself according to the light of his conscience. Be calm and happy, my dear Aïssé ; it does not signify to me by what means ; for they will all appear supportable to me, provided they do not drive me out of your heart. My conduct shall prove

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

to you that I deserve your kindness. Why do I not love you the more since it is your sincerity, your purity of heart, and your virtue that attaches me to you? I have told you so a thousand times, and you will find that I have not deceived you; but is it necessary for you to wait the result in proof of what I say in order to believe it? Do you not know me well enough to have that confidence in me which truth always inspires in those capable of feeling it? Be persuaded, my dear Aïssé, from this moment, that I love you as tenderly as possible, and as purely as you can possibly desire; be assured that I am less likely than yourself to form any other attachment. I find nothing wanting to complete my happiness so long as you permit me to see you, and you flatter me that there is no other man in the world to whom you are more attached. I shall see you to-morrow, and bring this letter myself. I like to write better than to speak to you, because I feel that I cannot talk on this subject without embarrassment. I am much too sensitive, but I wish to be only what you would have me; and in the course you have taken it is only necessary to assure you of my submission, and of the constancy of my affection, in such terms as you will please to dictate, without letting you witness the tears that I cannot prevent shedding, but which I disavow since you assure me you will always entertain a friendship for me. I venture to believe it, my dear Aïssé, not only because I feel persuaded that it is impossible for an attachment so tender,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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so faithful, so delicate as mine to fail making an impression on a heart like yours.

LORD NELSON TO —.

'ST. GEORGE,' *March 1801.*

Having, my truly dearest friend, got through a great deal of business, I am enabled to do justice to my private feelings, which are fixed ever on you and about you, whenever the public service does not arrest my attention. I have read all your kind and affectionate letters, and have read them frequently over, and committed them to the flames much against my inclination. There was one I rejoiced not to have read at the time. It was where you consented to dine and sing with —. Thank God it was not so. I could not have borne it, and now less than ever ; but I now know he never can dine with you, for you would go out of the house rather than suffer it. And as to letting him hear you sing, I only hope he will be struck deaf, and you dumb, sooner than such a thing should happen ; but I know it now never can. You cannot think how my feelings are alive towards you, probably more than ever, and they never can be diminished. My hearty endeavours shall not be wanting to improve and to give us new ties of regard and affection. Eleven o'clock, your dear letters just come on board ; they are sympathetic with my own feelings, and I trust we shall soon

*Love Letters of Old.*

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meet to part no more. Recollect I am for ever yours,  
ay, for ever while life remains.—Yours, yours faithfully,  
NELSON AND BRONTE.

I charge my only friend to keep well and to think of  
her Nelson's glory.

The following exists in Lord Nelson's autograph :—

LORD NELSON TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From my best cable I am forced to part,  
I leave my anchor in my angel's heart :  
Love, like a pilot, shall the pledge defend,  
And for a prong his happiest arrow lend.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

. . . Clarinda, matters grow very serious with us ; then  
seriously hear me, and hear me, Heaven !

I met in you, my dear Clarinda, by far the first of  
womankind, at least to me. I esteemed, I loved you  
at first sight, both of which attachments you have done  
me the honour to return. The longer I am acquainted  
with you, the more innate amiableness and worth I  
discover in you. You have suffered a loss, I confess,  
for my sake ; but if the firmest, steadiest, warmest friend-

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

ship, if every endeavour to be worthy of your friendship, if a love strong as the ties of nature, and holy as the duties of religion ; if all these can make anything like a compensation for the evil I have occasioned you, if they be worth your acceptance, or can in the least add to your enjoyments,—so help Sylvander, ye powers above, in his hour of need, as he freely gives these all to Clarinda !

I esteem you, I love you, as a friend ; I admire you, I love you, as a woman, beyond any one in all the circle of creation. I know I shall continue to esteem you, to love you, to pray for you, nay, to pray for myself for your sake.

Expect me at eight, and believe me to be ever, my dearest madam, yours most entirely,

SYLVANDER (ROBERT BURNS).

### NAPOLEON I. TO JOSEPHINE.

(AT MILAN.)

MARMIROLO, 17th July 1796.

I have received your letter, my dearest love ; it has filled my heart with joy. I am greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to send me all the news ; your health is doubtless better now. I feel sure you are getting quite well. Let me strongly recommend you to take exercise on horseback.

I have been very dull ever since we parted. I am happy only when with you. I never cease thinking of

*Love Letters of Old.*

your kisses, your tears, and your amusing little jealousies ; the charms of the matchless Josephine ever keep my heart and feelings warm. When free from care and business, what happiness to pass every moment with you, to love only you, and to tell it and prove it to you ! I shall send you your horse. But I hope you will soon rejoin me. I believe I have always loved you, but I think I love you a thousand times better now than ever. This proves that La Bruyère's maxim, *l'amour vient tout d'un coup*, is false. Everything in nature grows and increases. Ah ! I beg of you to let me see some of your defects ; be less beautiful, less graceful, less kind, less good ; but especially, never be jealous, never weep ; your tears distract me, set my blood on fire. Believe me, I have not a thought except for you, or that you might not know.

Take repose, re-establish your health quickly. Come to me, and at least, before we die, let us say we had some days of happiness.

A thousand kisses, the same to fortune, in spite of her naughtiness.

BONAPARTE.

PRINCE AUGUSTUS TO LADY AUGUSTA.

4th April 1793.

Will you allow me to come this evening ? It is my only hope. Oh, let me come, and we will send for Mr. Gunn.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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Everything but this is hateful to me. More than forty-eight hours have I passed without the smallest nourishment. Oh, let me not live so. Death is certainly better than this ; which, if in forty-eight hours it has not taken place, must follow ; for by all that is holy, till when I am married, I will eat nothing ; and if I am not to be married, the promise shall die with me ! I am resolute. Nothing in the world shall alter my determination. If Gunn will not marry me, I will die. . . . I will be conducted in everything by you ; but I must be married, or die. I would rather see none of my family than be deprived of you. You alone can make me ; you alone shall this evening. I will sooner drop than give you up. How I feel ! and my love to be doubted sincere and warm. The Lord knows the truth of it ; and, as I say, if in forty-eight hours I am not married, I am no more. O Augusta, my soul, let us try ; let me come. I am capable of everything ; I fear nothing, and Mr. Gunn, seeing our resolution, will agree. I am half-dead. What will become of me ? I shall go mad, most undoubtedly.

### UGO FOSCOLO TO LORENZO.

*15th May.*

Ever since that kiss, I have felt in heaven. My ideas are become more vivid and exalted ; my countenance is more cheerful ; my heart more disposed to compassion. Everything I see appears embellished to my eyes ; the

*Love Letters of Old.*

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mournful plaint of birds, the whispers of the zephyrs among the leaves, are now more pleasing than ever : the trees produce their fruit, and the flowers display their colours beneath my feet. I no longer shun the society of men, and all nature appears to me my own : my mind is replete with beauty and harmony. Were I to model or depicture Beauty herself, disdaining every terrestrial model, I should find her in my own imagination. O Love ! the fine arts are thy daughters ; thou first didst lead upon earth sacred Poetry : sole aliment of the generous minds which pour forth from solitude their more than mortal songs, even unto the latest generations ; inciting them by their words and their heaven-inspired thoughts to lofty enterprises ; thou rekindlest in our bosoms the virtue most profitable to mortals, Pity ; through whom, at times, the lip smiles of the wretch condemned to groans ; and through thee, Pleasure ever revives—the fertilizer of all things—without whom all would be chaos and death. Wert thou flown hence, the earth would become unpleasing, the animals at enmity with each other, the sun itself malignant, and the world, universal mourning, terror, and destruction. Now that my soul is brightened by a ray of thine, I forget my misfortunes, I laugh at the threats of fortune, and renounce the flatteries of futurity. Oh, Lorenzo ! often stretched at my length on the bank of the lake of Five Fountains, I feel my face and hair caressed by the zephyrs, whose panting breath waves the grass, gladdens the flowers, and curls the limpid waters of the lake.

## *Love Letters of Old.*

Would you believe it? Mad with delight, I see before me the naked nymphs, dancing, crowned with rosy garlands; in their company I invoke the Muses and Love; and from the streams which fall down murmuring and foaming, I see the *Naiades*, the lovely guardians of fountains, come forth from the water as far as to their bosoms, with their dripping locks spread over their humid shoulders. *Illusions!* cries the philosopher; and is not all illusion? All!

Blessed were the ancients who believed themselves worthy the kisses of the immortal goddesses of heaven; who sacrificed to Beauty and the Graces; who diffused the splendours of divinity over the imperfections of man, and who found BEAUTY and TRUTH in caressing the idols of their fancy! *Illusions!* But I, nevertheless, without them, should feel life only in pain, or (which I dread even more) in stern and wearisome insensibility; for when my heart shall be unwilling to feel, I will tear it from my breast with my own hands, and throw it from me like an unfaithful servant.

UGO FOSCOLO.

## GOETHE TO BETTINE.

What can one say and give to thee, which is not already in a more beautiful way become thine own? One must be silent and give thee thy way. When an opportunity offers to beg something of thee, then one



### *Love Letters of Old.*

may let his thanks for the much which has unexpectedly been given through the richness of thy love, flow in the same stream. That thou cherishest my mother, I would fain with my whole heart requite thee : from yonder a sharp breeze blew upon me, and now that I know thou art with her I feel safe and warm.

I do not say to thee, 'Come ;' I will not have the little bird disturbed from its nest ; but the accident would not be unwelcome to me, which should make use of storm and tempest to bring it safely beneath my roof. At any rate, dearest Bettine, remember that thou art on the road to spoil me.

GOETHE.

### KLOPSTOCK TO META.

With what transport do I think of you, my Meta, my only treasure ! When I fancy I behold you, my mind is filled with the heavenly thoughts which so often fervently and delightfully occupy it ; and while I think of you, they are still more fervent, more delightful. They glow in my breast, but no words can express them. You are dearer to me than all who are connected with me by blood or by friendship, dearer than all which is dearer to me besides in creation. My sister, my friend, you are mine by love, by pure and holy love, which Providence (Oh how grateful am I for the blessing !) has made the inhabitant of my soul upon earth. It appears

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

to me that you were born my twin sister in Paradise. At present, indeed, we are not there, but we shall return thither. Since we have so much happiness here, what shall we have there?

Remember me to all our friends. My Meta, my forever beloved, I am entirely yours.

### ABELARD TO HELOISE.

If, since our conversion from the world to God, I have not written to console or to admonish you, it was not the result of indifference. Ascribe it to the high opinion I have ever entertained of your wisdom and prudence. How could I think that she stood in need of my assistance, to whom Heaven had so largely distributed its best gifts? You were able, I know, by example as by word, to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the weak, and to admonish the lukewarm.

When prioress of Argenteuil, these duties, I remember, you used long ago to practise; and if now you give the same attention to your daughters as you did then to your sisters, more is not requisite, and all that I could say would be of no value. But if in your humility you think otherwise, and that my instructions can avail you anything, tell me only on what subjects you would have me to write; and as God shall direct me, I will endeavour to satisfy you.

I thank God that, exciting in your heart an anxious

## *Love Letters of Old.*

---

solicitude for the constant and imminent dangers to which I am exposed, He has taught you to sympathize with my sufferings. Thus may I hope for the divine protection by your prayers, and soon see Satan bruised under my feet. It is with this view that I hasten to send you the form of prayer you so earnestly requested, you, my sister, once dear to me in the world, but now most dear to me in Christ. By this means you will offer to God a constant sacrifice of prayers, urging Him to pardon our great and manifold sins, and to avert the hourly dangers which threaten me.

Many examples attest how powerful before God and His saints are the prayers of the faithful ; but chiefly of women for their friends, and of wives for their husbands. In this view the apostle admonishes us to pray without intermission. . . . But I will not insist on the supplications of your sisterhood, day and night devoted to the service of their Maker ; to you only I apply. I well know how powerful your intercession may be ; and in my present circumstances I trust it will be exerted. In your prayers, then, ever remember him who in an especial manner is yours. Urge your entreaties, for it is just that you should be heard. An equitable judge cannot refuse it.

When formerly I was with you, you recollect my dear Heloise, how fervently you recommended me to the care of Providence. Often in the day a special prayer was offered up for me. Removed as I am now from the Paraclete, and involved in great danger, how much more

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

pressing are my wants ! Now then, convince me of the sincerity of your regard. I entreat, I implore you.

MIRABEAU TO SOPHIE DE MONNIER.

Oh no, my love ! I cannot believe you have been indifferent to the dreadful silence that has enveloped us for the last two months. Knowing you so well as I do, how could I avoid having confidence in your charming frankness, or being persuaded by your bitter complaints, your continual perplexity, your expressions so strong yet so simple, so varied yet so natural ? Ah ! I feel it is not I alone who have been unhappy ; and notwithstanding the distractions around you, you have been no happier than myself. I should be very cruel to myself, dearest, if I did not believe in your love. No other blessing, no other consolation, no other hope remains to me. Perhaps you think I would be only unjust to myself, that it would be ungrateful to doubt. But beware, dearest love ; for as past love is proved by past conduct, so, doubtless, only the present can prove the present. Assuredly, I have the highest opinion of you that ever lover had of woman. I have told you a hundred times that I am more enamoured of your virtues than of your charms. After this very formal declaration, I think you can and ought to pardon me the only fear I entertain respecting the little I feel to deserve. You are so young, so troubled, so unhappy, I am so fond, and consequently

*Love Letters of Old.*

---

so exacting through the depth of my affection, that it is not surprising I tremble sometimes ; yet only when you are silent, when you do not soothe the heart that beats only for you. You may perceive by what I have written to you during eight months, how you can at pleasure calm my head and heart. I do not suppose my heart to be more capacious than your own. Who so well as your Gabriel knows all your sensibility, that inexhaustible sensibility, which has made, which still makes, and will always make my happiness ? But permit me to assure you that I love you much more than you can possibly love me, because you are infinitely more amiable than I am, and can command and inspire more love than I can. Besides, I have more discernment than you ; for putting aside, if possible, the prepossessions of love, which are common to us both, I know women much better than you can possibly know men. True it is, there is no one capable of greater devotion, or of making greater sacrifices, than I, and particularly no one capable of a love so exclusive as mine, because the practice of deceiving women deprives men of the power of being constant to them ; while this practice itself makes me sigh for such a friend as you, which I never expected to find, and which I well know how to appreciate because I so much desired it. But the world is full of men more amiable than ever I can be, since the storms of adversity have blown upon me ; never were turn of mind, way of thinking, or character better calculated to captivate me than thine. I could not love a

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

woman who was not intelligent, for I must reason with my companion, but an intellectual woman would fatigue me. Affectation, in my opinion, is to nature what rouge and chalk are to beauty, that is, not only useless, but injurious to what they seek to adorn. I must have a mind natural but delicate; strong but lively. I have so few common prejudices, I think so little like the rest of the world, that a literary woman, great in little things, and tyrannized over by conventionality, would never suit me. You I found strong, energetic, resolute, and decided. That was not all. My character is unequal, my susceptibility prodigious, my vivacity enormous. I require, therefore, a kind and indulgent woman to please me, and I could not expect to find these valuable qualities combined with rarer virtues, and which might be regarded even as incompatible; nevertheless, O my love, I have found all this and more united in you. Think, then, what you must be to me; the whole edifice of my happiness is built upon you. Do not think it foolish that I tremble at the bare idea of a peril that appears to threaten me, nor that I consider you as a good infinitely more precious to me than I can be to you. My character was formed, yours was not: my principles were fixed before you had thought of the necessity of forming any. You might have found in the world another kind of attachment and happiness than that you have enjoyed in your Gabriel, but Sophie was indispensable to my happiness; she alone could ensure it.

But the warmth of my feelings is not the best proof

## *Love Letters of Old.*

---

that I have ever loved any one but you. It is the union of hearts that puts the seal to our happiness ; it is that devotion without limit, and without example, which makes the whole universe appear in our eyes only an atom ; every interest gives way before the beloved object, or rather confounds itself with it ; every sacrifice becomes a pleasure, every feeling a duty ; honour and shame, crime and virtue, happiness and misery, are, and never can be for us anything but what may serve or injure love, to please or to offend Sophie and Gabriel. My love, recall and re-peruse all I have ever written to you, most tender, most energetic, and combine it into one picture ; fill your memory and your heart with it, though it be but the sketch, the feeble sketch, of what your beloved feels in the moments he appears to be the least occupied with you. Tell me, tell me often, you have never loved as you love now ; that I am the only one you can ever love thus. Tell me, dearest one, what I strive to believe.

DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. THRALE.

The following letter was written by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale on hearing she was about to become the wife of M. Piozzi :—

‘DEAR MADAM,—What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

been injurious to me. I therefore breathe out one more sigh of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere. I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state ; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am ready to repay for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched. Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon M. Piozzi to settle in England ; you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security. Your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons ; but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy. I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain. Yet I have eased my heart by giving it. When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey, and when they came to the irremovable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection, pressed her to return. The Queen went forward. If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no further. The tears stand in my eyes. I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes.—For I am, with great affection, yours, etc.,

SAM. JOHNSON.

## Love Letters of Old.

### A TURKISH LOVE LETTER.<sup>1</sup>

SYMBOLS.	MEANING.
<i>Pearl</i>	Fairest of the young.
<i>Clove</i>	You are as slender as the clove.
	You are an unblown rose.
	I have long loved you, and you have not known it.
<i>Jonquil</i>	Have pity on my passion.
<i>Paper</i>	I faint every hour.
<i>Pear</i>	Give me some hope.
<i>Soap</i>	I am sick with love.
<i>Coal</i>	May I die, and all my years be yours.
<i>A Rose</i>	May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine.
<i>A Swan</i>	Suffer me to be your slaye.
<i>Cloth</i>	Your price is not to be found.
<i>Cinnamon</i>	But my fortune is yours.
<i>A Match</i>	I burn, I burn ; my flame consumes me.
<i>Gold Thread</i>	Don't turn your face from me.
<i>Hair</i>	Crown of my head.
<i>Grape</i>	My two eyes.
<i>Gold Wire</i>	I die ; come quickly.
 <i>Pepper</i>	Send me an answer.

<sup>1</sup> From *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, vol. ii.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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M. DE GUEBERT TO JULIE DE LESPENASSE.

My love, how slowly the time passes! I have been weary of my existence since Monday, with nothing to relieve my impatience. I am so restless, I cannot remain two minutes together in the same place. I go everywhere, and see everything, but think only of one thing. To the heart-sick all nature wears but one aspect of gloom; every object seems covered with crape. Tell me, how shall I distract my thoughts? where shall I find consolation? Ah! it is from you only that I can learn how to endure my existence. You alone can restore that pleasing pain that makes me now cherish, now hate my life. Dearest, I shall have a letter from you tomorrow, and it is this hope only that gives me strength to write to you this evening. You will tell me if you are assured of the restoration of your precious health; you will perhaps say when you return; in a word, you will speak to me. Ah! if you but knew how lonely, how destitute I feel when I know nothing of you. Ah! how short, how cold, how harsh, is this note of yours! It seems that when you say you have been uneasy, and alarmed too, you have said all. What would you have? Conceal your feelings from me? . . . Ah! dear friend, understand me; consider what I am to you; and when you know, I will reply to you, that it would be impossible to entertain the idea of deceiving me, or even of concealing anything from me.



## WOOING.

LET your love be unselfish, loving kindly, not seeing faults with flaw-seeing eyes, but covering all in faith and meek forgiveness. Then shall your love be fresh and new alway, as the golden sunset is, as the sweet coming of the stars, as the joyous songs of the birds, and the return of the spring, the mystery of beauty in all of them, the *greater* mystery in the ever springing joys of love. Let worthy and noble thoughts guide and inspire you, and let that inspiration come from a sense of your own inherent nobility. Love must have for its object all grace and beauty. A thirst after the beautiful is a thirst after the blessed — a heaven-granted type of what heaven is. Yet be not led away with outward loveliness; only yearn after the hidden

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

spiritual being with the manly eye that pierces through the body's mask of covering, and sees there revealed the golden links of sympathy that vibrate up to the footstool of God.

---

No fair to thine  
Equivalent a second ! which compell'd  
Me then, though importune, perhaps, to come  
And gaze and worship thee.

MILTON.

The man of sense who acts a prudent part,  
Not flattering steals, but forms himself the heart.

THOMSON.

To love thou blam'st me not : for love thou say'st  
Leads up to heaven—is both the way and guide.

MILTON.

Who will may pant for glory, and excel,  
Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell.

COWPER.

I'm filled with such amaze,  
So far transported with desire and love,  
My slippery soul flies to you while I speak.

ROCHESTER.

## *Wooing.*

---

The courtship of Hephaestus (Vulcan) and the sea-nymph Eurynome :—

He built her a hall, with its crystal dome,  
Over golden spandrels flung ;  
And the waters around her ocean home  
In crystal silence hung.

And he led her o'er the sapphire floor,  
In the wondrous light of the sea ;  
And his sad looks said to the sweet sea-maid,  
‘Will you love me now, Eurynome ?’

She sang for joy, and clapped her hands,  
As she danced all round about ;  
But it was not to her like the moonlit sands  
When the evening tide is out.

She sparkled and sang, and the sea hall rang,  
And her yellow locks floated free.  
Oh, joy for joy, and love for love ;  
But the flower of all for Eurynome !

FORSYTH.

Your voice, its breezy tone  
Goes forth, as eloquently clear  
As are the lutes at heaven’s high throne,  
And makes the hearts of those who hear  
As pure and peaceful as your own.

PRAED.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Better plea

Love cannot have than that, in loving thce,  
Glory to that eternal face is paid,  
Who such divinity to thee imparts,  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.

WORDSWORTH.

*Perigot.* Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd  
maid,  
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,  
Equal with his soul's good.

*Amoret.* Speak, I give  
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still  
The same it ever was, as free from ill  
As he whose conversation never knew  
The court or city; be thou ever true.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHIER.

Oh, happy love, where love like this is found!  
Oh, heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare—  
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning  
gale.

BURNS.

*Wooing.*

He that will win his dame must do  
As Love does when he bends his bow;  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.

BUTLER.

Your life is one  
Made up of feminine affections, and is  
One full dream of love from fount to sea.

HY. TAYLOR.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale ;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon.

SHAKSPEARE.

Come, all ye jolly shepherds  
That whistle through the glen,  
I'll tell ye of a secret  
That courtiers dinna ken ;  
What is the greatest *bliss*  
That the tongue o' man can name ?  
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie  
When the kye comes hame.  
When the kye comes hame,  
When the kye comes hame,  
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
When the kye comes hame.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

'Tis not beneath the coronet,  
Nor canopy of State,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
Nor arbour of the great—  
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,  
In the glen without the name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest  
For the mate he lo'es to see,  
And on the topmost bough,  
Oh, a happy bird is he !  
Then he pours his melting ditty,  
And love is a' the theme,  
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,  
And the daisy turns a pea,  
And the bonnie lucken gowan  
Has fauldit up her ee,  
Then the lavrock frae the blue list  
Draps down, and thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonnie lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd  
That lingers on the hill—

*Wooing.*

---

His yowes are in the fauld,  
And his lambs are lyin' still;  
Yet he downa gang to bed,  
For his heart is in a flame  
To meet his bonnie lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart  
Rises high in the breast,  
And the little wee bit starn  
Rises red in the east,  
Oh there's a joy sae dear,  
That the heart can hardly frame,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins  
In this love without alloy,  
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor  
To nature's dearest joy?  
Or wha wad choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss his bonnie lassie  
When the kye comes hame.  
When the kye comes hame,  
When the kye comes hame,  
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
When the kye comes hame.

JAMES HOGG.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

Cease to oppress me with ten thousand charms ;  
There needs no succour to prevailing arms :  
Your beauty has subdued my heart before,  
Such virtue could alone enslave me more.  
I burn, Lucina, like a field of corn,  
By burning streams of kindled flames o'erborne,  
When north winds drive the torrent with a storm :  
Those fires into my bosom you have thrown,  
And must in pity quench them in your own.

ROCHESTER.

Did you but know what 'tis to love, like me ;  
Without a dawn of bliss ; to dream all day,  
To pass the night in broken sleeps away ;  
Toss'd in the restless tides of hopes and fears,  
With eyes for ever running o'er with tears :  
To leave my couch, and fly to beds of flowers,  
T' invoke the stars, to curse the dragging hours,  
To talk like madmen to the groves and bowers :  
Could you know this, and blame my tortured love,  
If thus it throws my body at your feet ?  
Oh, fly not hence !  
Vouchsafe but just to view me in despair :  
I ask not love, but pity from the fair.

LEE.

I feel my strong love beat and surge round thee ;  
Oh ! one sweet island of my soul's waste sea.

MARSTON.

*Wooing.*

My care shall be to pay devotion here,  
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,  
And raise Love's altar on the spoils of war.  
Conquest and Triumph now are mine no more ;  
Nor will I Victory in camps adore :  
For lingering there in long suspense she stands,  
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands :  
Unused to wait, I broke thro' her delay,  
Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day :  
Now late I find, that war is but her sport,  
In love the goddess keeps her awful court :  
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,  
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.

CONCREVE.

To read to thee, to listen to thy voice,  
To wait upon thy slightest wish or whim ;  
To seek, with headlong eagerness and haste,  
Aught that might gratify, amuse, surprise,  
And win the precious guerdon of thy smile,  
Or gentle pressure from thy soft-gloved hand,  
Is the sweet, sole ambition of my life.

GIBB.

Oh ! I will *woo* thee  
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,  
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,  
And kindle into joy.

ROWE.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

In thy earnest face  
There's such a world of tenderness,  
You need no other grace.

MASSEY.

Like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me.

BROWN.

As the flight of a river  
That flows to the sea,  
My soul rushes ever  
In tumult to thee.

Look up, I am near thee,  
I gaze on thy face ;  
I see thee, I hear thee,  
I feel thy embrace.

It is not from duty,  
Though that may be owed ;  
It is not from beauty,  
Though that be bestowed ;

But all that I care for,  
And all that I know,  
Is that, without wherefore,  
I worship thee so.

LORD LYTTON.

*Wooing.*

---

Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.  
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again, and from some feeling line  
That may discover such integrity.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face  
Nor shape that I admire,  
Although thy beauty and thy grace  
Might weel awake desire.  
Something in ilka part of thee  
To praise, to love, I find ;  
But dear as is thy form to me,  
Still dearer is thy mind.

BURNS.

Thy simplest tress  
Claims more from me than tenderness ;  
I would not wrong the tenderest hair  
That clusters round thy forehead fair,  
For all the treasures buried far  
Within the caves of Istakar.

BYRON.

When I speak what tender words I'll use,  
So softly, that, like flakes of feathered snow,  
They'll melt as they do fall.

DRYDEN.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

'Tis thus, love, qnly I would fill your mind,  
When then you let me :  
To all my faults I'd have you very blind,  
And only see me fond, and true, and kind—  
Pure as that heart wherein I'd lie enshrined.

TYRONE DOWER.

To me there is but one place in the world,  
And that where thou art ; for where'er I be,  
Thy love doth seek its way into my heart.  
As will a bird into her secret nest,  
Then sit and sing, sweet bird of beauty, sing.

BAILEY.

I die for thy sweet love ! the ground  
Not panteth so for summer rain,  
As I for one soft look of thine—  
I do not sigh in vain.

A hundred men all near thee now—  
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me ;  
But who doth feel a thousandth part  
Of what I feel for thee ?

They look on thee, as men will look  
Who round the wild world laugh and rove.  
I only think—how sweet 'twould be  
To die for thee, sweet love !

CORNWALL.

*Wooing.*

---

If the quick spirits in your eye  
Now languish, and anon must die ;  
If every sweet, and every grace,  
Must fly from that forsaken face,  
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,  
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must glow  
For ever free from aged snow ;  
If those bright suns must know no shade,  
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade,  
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow,  
What still being gather'd, still must grow.  
Thus either Time his sickle brings  
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

CAREW.

She would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.

MILTON.

Go where the water glideth gently ever—  
Glideth by meadows that the greenest be,—  
Go listen to our own beloved river,  
And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth  
Its fairy gem beside the giant tree ;  
List to the dim brook pining, when it playeth,  
And think of me.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,  
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree ;  
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,  
And think of me.

And when the moon riseth, as she was dreaming,  
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea ;  
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,  
And think of me.

REYNOLDS.

I think on thee in the night,  
When all beside is still,  
And the moon comes out with her pale, sad light,  
To sit on the lonely hill ;  
When the stars are all like dreams,  
And the breezes all like sighs,  
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,  
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think on thee by day,  
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,  
When the laughter of the young and gay  
Is far too glad and loud.  
I hear thy soft, sad tone,  
And thy young, sweet smile I see ;  
My heart,—my heart were all alone,  
But for its dreams of thee.

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

## *Wooing.*

My soul is like a wide and empty fane.  
Sit thou in't like a god, O maid divine !  
My soul is empty, torn, and hungry space,  
Leap thou into it like a new-born star.

A. SMITH.

Leave me not, love ! or if this earth  
Yield not for thee a home,  
If the bright summer land of thy pure birth  
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers Come,  
Then with the glory from the rose,  
With the sparkle from the stream,  
With the light thy rainbow presence throws  
Over the poet's dream,  
With all the Elysian hues  
Thy pathway that suffuse,  
With joy, with music from the fading grove,  
Take me, too, heavenward, on thy wing, sweet love !

HEMANS.

And then  
The twilight walk, when the link'd arms can feel  
The beating of the heart : upon the air  
There is a music never heard but once,  
A light the eyes can never see again.  
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,  
And every song and tale that breathe of love  
Seem echoes of the heart.

L. E. LANDON.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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Go, blushing flower!  
And tell now this from me,  
That in the bower  
From which I gathered thee  
At evening, I will be.

Then bid her fly,  
When sunset skirts the west,  
To me, that I,  
Upon my happy breast,  
May soothe her own to rest.

PETER SPENCER.

Thou art the day-star of my heart,  
Consoling, guiding, gladdening all.

PRAED.

I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win the lady.

SHAKSPEARE.

Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid; all comers else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of, space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Wooing.*

---

The blessings of the skies all wait about her,  
Health, grace, inimitable beauty wreathed  
Round every motion : on her lip the rose  
Has left its sweetness (for what bee to kiss?),  
And from the dark'ning heaven of her eyes  
A starry spirit broke out.

PROCTER.

I love you more than love can wield the matter,  
Dearer than eyesight, space, or liberty ;  
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,  
As much as child ere loved, or father fond,  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable  
Beyond all manner of, so much I love you.

SHAKSPEARE.

I would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,  
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound,  
Mirror'd within thee as within a river,  
A flower upon thy breast, and thou the ground.  
That when I died and unto earth return'd,  
Our natures never more might parted be ;  
Within thy being, all mine own inurn'd,—  
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorb'd in thee.

KEATS.

Each hour until we meet is as a bird  
That wings from far his gradual way along

### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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The rushing covert of my soul—his song  
Still louder thrill'd through leaves more deeply stirr'd.  
But at the hour of meeting a clear word  
Is every note he sings, in love's own tongue ;  
Yet love, thou know'st the sweet strain suffers wrong,  
Through our contending kisses oft unheard.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

For the flower of men will love alone do—for the sediment and scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do.

CARLYLE.

It is by means of this divine passion that the world is kept ever fresh and young. It is the perpetual melody of humanity. It sheds an effulgence upon youth, and throws a halo round age. It glorifies the present by the light it casts backward, and it lightens the future by the beams it casts forward. The love which is the outcome of esteem and admiration has an elevating and purifying effect on the character. It tends to emancipate one from the slavery of self. It is altogether unsordid ; itself is its only price. It inspires gentleness, sympathy, mutual faith and confidence. True love also, in a measure, elevates the intellect. 'All love renders wise in a degree,' says the poet Browning, and the most gifted minds have been the sincerest lovers. Great souls make all affections great ; they elevate and consecrate all true delights. The sentiment even brings to light

## *Wooing.*

qualities before lying dormant and unsuspected. It elevates the aspirations, expands the soul, and stimulates the mental powers. One of the finest compliments ever paid to a woman was that of Steele, when he said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, 'that to have loved her was a liberal education.' Viewed in this light, woman is an educator in the highest sense, because, above all other educators, she educates humanly and lovingly. It has been said that no man and no woman can be regarded as complete in their experience of life until they have been subdued into union with the world through their affections. As woman is not woman till she has known love, neither is man man. Both are requisite to each other's completeness. . . . The true union must needs be one of mind as well as of heart, and based on mutual esteem as well as mutual affection.

### SMILES.

I send thee flowers, O dearest ! and I deem  
That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words,  
Whose music, clearer than the voice of birds  
When breathed to thee alone, perchance may seem  
All eloquent of feelings unexpress'd.  
Oh, wreath them in those tresses of dark hair !  
Let them repose upon thy forehead fair,  
And on thy bosom's yielding snow be press'd ;  
Then shall thy fondness for my flowers reveal  
The love that maiden coyness would conceal.

B. PARK.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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O Mary ! let one heavenly ray  
Beam from thy beauteous face ;  
'Twill light my clouded spirit up,  
And fill my soul with peace ;  
'Twill dissipate my mental gloom,  
And round me Paradise shall bloom.

VEDDER.

In delicious lull  
His voice would reach her, and the tide  
Of the soft parting words would glide  
Through the calm space of thoughts and sighs.  
Her heart was—she would dearly prize  
That moment.

O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I'll have Cretan pinions  
Wrought for her, and a barb whose task shall be  
To outfly the wind. Scarfs, fine as the air  
And dipp'd in Iris colours, shall be wove  
In Cashmere and the sunny Persian looms  
To be her commonest 'tire ; she shall be deck'd  
Forth as she is a goddess !

BARRY CORNWALL.

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways ;  
I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
In the ends of being, and ideal grace.

## Wooing.

I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as we strive for right ;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise ;  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith ;  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints ;—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life ! and, if God choose,  
I shall not love thee better after death.

E. B. BROWNING.

That love alone which virtue's laws control,  
Deserves reception in the human soul.

EURIPIDES.

Lord Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.*, says that 'that monarch, in the year 1505, had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, and sent three ambassadors, with instructions for taking a survey of her person.' These instructions, and the answers to them, are still extant, among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum (No. 6220). They are as follow :—

Instructions given by the King's Highness to his trusty and well-beloved servants, showing how they shall order themselves to the old Queen of Naples and the young Queen her daughter.

After presentation, they shall well note and mark the

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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estate that they keep, and how they be accompanied by lords or ladies.

*Item.* Whether they keep their household apart or together.

*Item.* To mark her (the young Queen's) answer to the communication, and to note her discretion, wisdom, and gravity.

*Item.* They shall endeavour them likewise to understand whether the young Queen speak any other language than Spanish and Italian, or whether she can speak French or Latin.

*Item.* Especially to mark the favour of her visage, whether she be painted or no—whether she be fat or lean—sharp or round—and whether her countenance cheerful and amiable, frowning or melancholy.

*Answer.* As far as we can perceive or know, she is not painted, and the favour of her visage is after her stature, of very good compass, and amiable, and somewhat round and fat, and the countenance cheerful and not frowning—tardy in speech, but with a demure, womanly, shame-faced countenance, and of few words.

*Item.* To note the clearness of her skin.

*Answer.* She is, for aught we could perceive, very fair and clear of skin, by her visage, neck, and hands.

*Item.* To note the colour of her hair.

[Other questions follow which respect the young Queen's eyebrows, nose, lips, arms, hands, and fingers, which the ambassadors state to be 'right fair and comely.']}

*Item.* To mark whether her neck be long or short.

## Wooing.

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*Answer.* Her neck is comely, not misshapen, nor very short, nor very long.

*Item.* To mark whether any hair appeared upon her lip.

*Answer.* She hath none.

*Item.* That they endeavour to speak with the young Queen, that she may tell unto them some matter of length, and to approach as near to her as they honestly may, to the intent that they may find if she have spices, rose-water, or musk.

*Answer.* We have found no evil savour of spices or waters.

*Item.* To note the height of her stature, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent that they may not be deceived in the very height and stature of her.

*Answer.* Her slippers be of six fingers height—she is of a convenient stature, somewhat round and well-liking, which causeth her Grace to seem less in height.

*Item.* To inquire whether she hath any sickness of nativity, or deformity, or blemish.

*Answer.* We have inquired of her physicians and otherwise in talk, but find in her person no disconformity nor cause of sickness.

Whether she be in any singular favour with the King of S. her uncle.

*Answer.* He much esteemeth her.

Another article directs the ambassadors to procure a portrait of the young Queen, 'So that it agree in similitude and likeness as near as may be possible to the very

## Wooing.

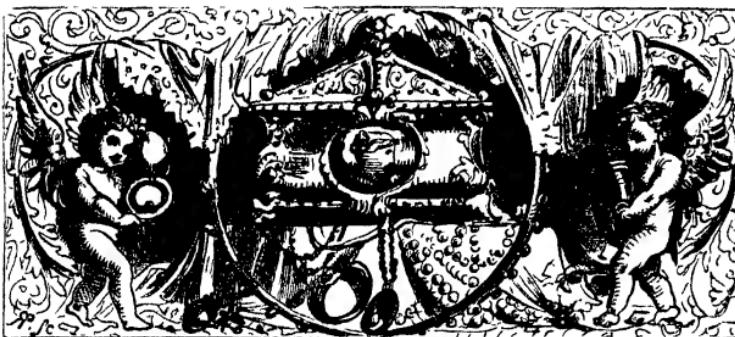
visage, countenance, and semblance of the said Queen ; and if it be not so, the painter is to be ordered to reform it till it is.

*Item.* To inquire of the manner of her diet, and whether she be a great feeder or drinker, and whether she uses often to eat and drink, and whether she drinketh wine or water, or both.

*Answer.* She is a good feeder, and eats meat well twice a day, and that her Grace drinketh not often, and that she drinketh most commonly water, and sometimes the water is boiled with cinnamon, and sometimes she drinketh ypocras, but not often.

By another article the ambassadors are required to ascertain the amount of the dowry, and the title and value thereof in every bchalf.





## GIFTS.

**G**IFTS which our love for the donor have rendered precious are ever the most acceptable, and such gifts a lady prizes most. A little flower given with a smile is more than a precious jewel bestowed without one. There is so much in the manner of giving.

‘With them words of so sweet breath composed  
As made the things more rich.’

This is what a lady feels and appreciates, and one that true love engenders. She that truly loves would not cast away the most trivial sign of sympathy. The gift of one who cares for her, however slight, is to her evidence of that love, dearer to her than her life.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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There's no satiety of love in thee !  
Thou still art ever new, perpetual spring  
Is in thy arms ; the ripen'd fruit but falls,  
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,  
And I grow rich by giving.

DRYDEN.

Let me have  
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.  
SHAKSPEARE.

Oh ! do not gaze upon that star,  
That distant star so earnestly,  
If thou would'st not my pleasure mar—  
For ah ! I cannot give it thee.

And such is my unbounded love,  
Thou would'st not gaze upon a thing  
I would not make thee mistress of ;  
And prove in love at least a king.

LORD ALBEMARLE.

Thus, lady, lowly at thy feet,  
I lay this gift of memory ;  
All strange and rude, but treasures sweet  
Within its gloomy bosom lie.  
Trifles, Marie, may tell the tale,  
When wisdom, wit, and courage fail.

DULCI.

*Gifts.*

One of the native dialects of love.

SIGOURNEY.

Notwithstanding love will win,  
Or else force a passage in ;  
And as coy be as you can,  
Gifts will get ye or the man.

HERRICK.

He found me sitting beholding this picture. I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am sure a most affectionate mind.

SIDNEY.

I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,  
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,  
And make men stare upon a piece of earth  
As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers  
To wave as streamers to your vanity,—  
Nor cumbrous silk, that with its rustling sound  
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. Thus adorn'd  
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—  
The truest mirror that an honest wife  
Can see her beauty in !

*Juliana.* I shall observe, sir.

*Duke.* I should like well to see you in the dress  
I last presented you.

*Jul.* The blue one, sir?

*Duke.* No, love, the white. Thus modestly attired,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,  
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,  
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,  
No pearls more precious than inhabit them ;  
With thy pure red and white, which that same hand  
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks ;  
This well-proportioned form—think not I flatter—  
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,  
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind ;  
Thou'l fix as much observance, as chaste dames  
Can meet without a blush.

JOHN TOBIN.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.

SHAKSPEARE





## WEDDING RING.

THE magic circle that surrounds a life! fit emblem of eternity! Endearing symbol of wisely authority, giving her the right to rule in her own sweet way! yet her will ne'er to trespass against his love 'either in discourse of thought or actual deed.' A holier gift a man can scarce bestow. How much meaning in it! The link that binds together two souls, making them one in all things, —like the blending of two streams, commingling and flowing on through life together, till meeting in eternity!

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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There's no jewel so worth wearing,  
That a lover's hands may bring ;  
There's no treasure worth comparing,  
With a golden wedding ring.

MASSEY.

It is impossible to trace the origin of wearing rings, but it is supposed that in early ages it was instituted as an emblem of authority and government. For we read in the Bible that Pharaoh took his ring from his finger, and presented it to Joseph, as a sign of vested authority. In conformity to ancient usage the Christian Church adopted the ring in the ceremony of marriage, as a token of the authority with which the husband invested his wife. This was made of gold, which metal the ancients used as a symbol of love, the ring itself being an emblem of eternity, or love without end. Rings, it appears, were first worn in India, whence the practice descended to the Egyptians, thence to the Greeks, from whom it passed to the Romans and others. The wedding ring was placed on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was believed that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart. This has been contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors were formerly of this opinion, therefore they thought this finger the most proper to bear the pledge of love, that from thence it might be carried to the heart. Others are inclined to think that it was in consequence of this finger being less used than any other, and is more capable of preserving a ring from

## *Wedding Ring.*

bruises. Family rings were formerly given away at a marriage as wedding presents. There was also the espousal as well as the wedding ring ; this was observed till 850, when each continued separate. The Greek Church espousals and marriages were distinct services. In the former, parties exchanged rings in pledge of mutual fidelity, but within the last few centuries this has been discontinued in the Church of England.

LOARING.

‘This ring is all my gift to-day,’  
She, sitting closer, whispered ; ‘nay, love, nay,  
Thou givest thyself—a gift divine ;  
This day I feel thy heart, thought, life, are mine.’

BERNI.

## THE HALLOWED WEDDING RING.

While Titans war with social Jove,  
My own sweet wife and I,  
We make Elysium in our love,  
And let the world go by !  
Oh, never hearts beat half so light  
With crownèd Queen or King !  
Oh, never world was half so bright  
As is our fairy-ring,  
Dear love !

Our hallow'd fairy-ring.

K

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

We've known a many sorrows, sweet!  
We've wept a many tears!  
And often trod with trembling feet  
Our pilgrimage of years!  
But when our sky grew dark and wild,  
All closerlier did we cling:

### *Wedding Ring.*

MASSEY.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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This old world is scarce worth seeing,  
Till Love wave his purple wing,  
And we gauge the bliss of being  
Through a golden wedding ring.

Would you draw far Eden nearer,  
And to earth the angels bring,  
You must seek the magic mirror  
Of a golden wedding ring.

As the earth with sea is bounded,  
And the winter-world with spring,  
So a maiden's life is rounded  
With a golden wedding ring.

I have known full many a maiden,  
Like a white rose withering,  
Into fresh ripe beauty redder  
Through a golden wedding ring.

Fainting spirits oft grow fearless,  
Sighing hearts will soar and sing,  
Tearful eyes will laugh out tearless,  
Through a golden wedding ring.

MASSEY.

The wedding ring was not at first of gold, but of iron adorned with an adamant ; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and perpetuity of the contract.

## *Wedding Ring.*

Howbeit, it skilleth not at this day what metal the ring be made of ; the form of it being round and without end, doth import that love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which the ring is to be worn, is the third finger of the left hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence unto the heart.

*The Cairn.*

Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed—  
So fourteen years ago I said.  
Behold another ring—for what?  
To wed thee o'er again—why not?  
With that first ring I married youth,  
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;  
Taste long admired, sense long revered,  
And all my Mary then appear'd.  
If she, by merit since disclosed,  
Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead that double merit now,  
To justify a double vow.  
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,  
With ardour as intense and pure,  
As when, amidst the rites divine,  
I took thy troth and plighted mine),  
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring  
A token and a pledge I bring :  
With this I wed, till death us part,  
Thy riper virtues to my heart :

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

Those virtues which, before untried,  
The wife has added to the bride :  
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,  
Endearing wedlock's very name,  
My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.  
For why ?—they show me, hour by hour,  
Honour's high thought, affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things—but repentance.

BISHOP.

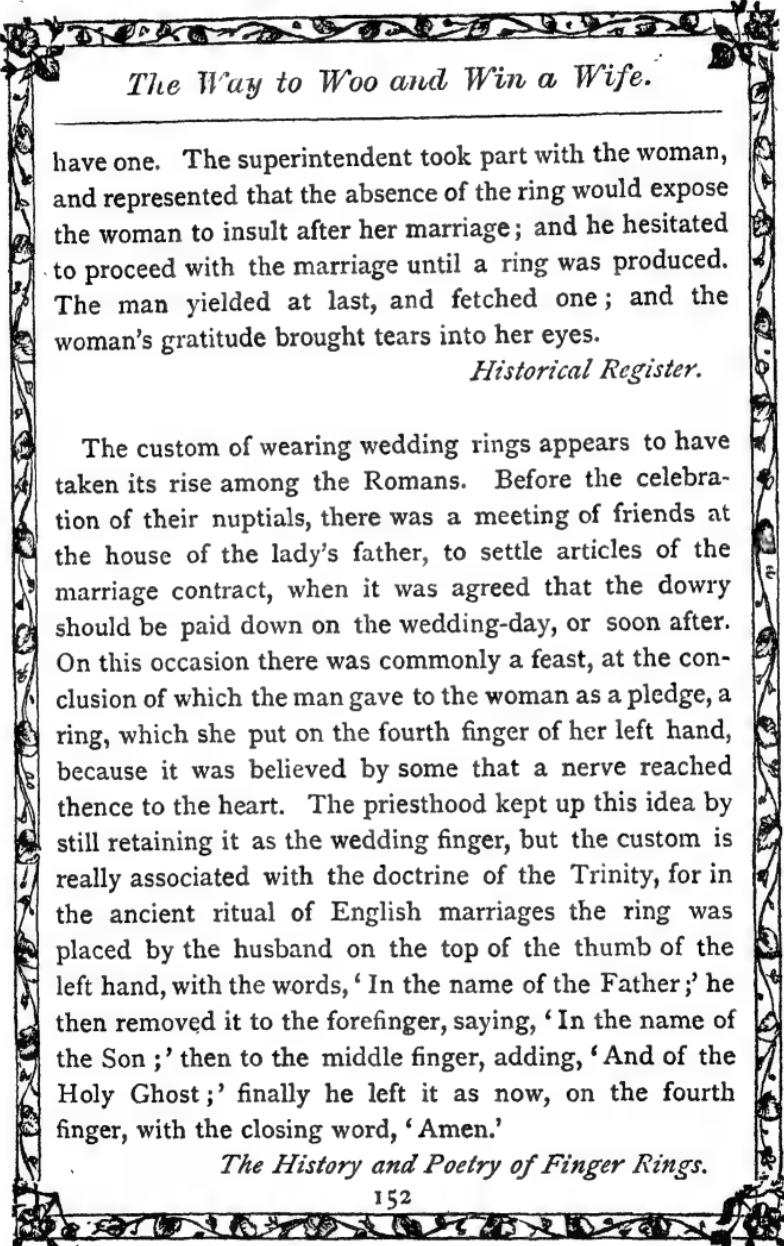
This ring,  
This little ring, with necromantic force,  
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears,  
Conjured the sense of honour and of love  
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself.

*The Fatal Marriage.*

A ring, since the days of the patriarchs, has been used as the symbol or token of marriage ; but the Act passed in 1837, which instituted marriage to be a civil contract, does not recognise the ring as an essential part of the ceremony, though it does not forbid its use. Still habit claims it to be part even of the civil ceremony ; and the ring holds its accustomed place, to distinguish the maiden from the wife. It is the right of a woman, hallowed too long by custom and an obvious utility to fall into disuse through the silence of an Act of Parliament. Its con-

## *Wedding Ring.*

tinual use furnishes another of the many proofs that customs and habits, spontaneously resulting from the exigencies and natural circumstances of mankind, are stronger and more permanent than written laws. The whole marriages before the superintendent-registrars do not exceed a fifty-seventh part of all the marriages in England and Wales. We have made it our business to inquire extensively throughout the country into the use of the wedding ring in such marriages ; and out of thirty-five cases, only two appeared where the wedding ring was not observed to have been used. The superintendent-registrar at Birmingham says he 'never married a couple without a ring.' At Walsall, 'the parties always use a ring.' 'The ring is always used,' at Derby. 'The people always bring a ring,' at Stafford. The superintendent-registrar at Sheffield 'has seen the ring used invariably.' 'A ring is always used,' at Liverpool ; so at Manchester, and at Stockport, and at Wells. At Worcester, on one occasion, the parties were so poor that they used a brass ring, having no better one. The bride's friends indignantly protested that the ring ought to have been gold, and the superintendent-registrar was threatened with an indictment for permitting the use of a ring of such base metal. He says that the people in his district 'won't believe the marriage to be good without the ring.' The superintendent-registrar at Bristol, where these marriages are numerous, 'always saw a ring used, but once.' He asked if the parties had brought one. The man answered that it was not necessary ; but the woman entreated to



### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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have one. The superintendent took part with the woman, and represented that the absence of the ring would expose the woman to insult after her marriage; and he hesitated to proceed with the marriage until a ring was produced. The man yielded at last, and fetched one; and the woman's gratitude brought tears into her eyes.

*Historical Register.*

The custom of wearing wedding rings appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady's father, to settle articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding-day, or soon after. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which the man gave to the woman as a pledge, a ring, which she put on the fourth finger of her left hand, because it was believed by some that a nerve reached thence to the heart. The priesthood kept up this idea by still retaining it as the wedding finger, but the custom is really associated with the doctrine of the Trinity, for in the ancient ritual of English marriages the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words, 'In the name of the Father;' he then removed it to the forefinger, saying, 'In the name of the Son;' then to the middle finger, adding, 'And of the Holy Ghost;' finally he left it as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word, 'Amen.'

*The History and Poetry of Finger Rings.*

## *Wedding Ring.*

I climbed the hill, and looked around :  
The prospect stretched out wide—  
Green vales, rich woods, and shining sea,  
Beauty on every side.

So fair, so far, so boundless all,  
My spirit was oppressed ;  
My glance roamed round, now here, now there,  
And knew not where to rest.

Then from my finger, half in play,  
My wedding ring I drew,  
And through that golden circle small  
Looked out upon the view.

I saw a wreath of cottage-smoke,  
A church spire rising by,  
A river wind through quiet woods—  
Above, a reach of sky.

This little picture I had made  
Both cheered and calmed my soul ;  
True, I saw less, but what I saw  
Was dearer than the whole.

More vivid lights, more solemn shades,  
Such limits seemed to bring ;—  
My portion of the world be still  
Framed by my wedding ring !—MACMILLAN.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

The holy vow

And ring of gold, no fond illusion now,  
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,  
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,  
His house she enters, there to be a light,  
Shining within, when all without is night ;  
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing,  
How oft her eyes read his, her gentle mind  
To all his wishes, all his thoughts, inclined !  
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow ;  
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.  
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;  
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before.

ROGERS.

It appears that rings were in olden times given away to the attendants on the day of marriage. We are informed, in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, that the once famous philosopher Kelly, who was openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, 'did give away in gold wire rings (or rings twisted with three gold wires), at the marriage of one of his maide-servants, to the value of *four thousand pounds*.' This happened in the year 1589, at Trebona.



## WEDLOCK.

WEDLOCK hath not only more beauty, but more love, than the single life. It hath more ease and less danger. It is more merry and more sad, fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys. True, it has more responsibilities, but supported by all the strength of devoted love. Such responsibilities become easeful in proportion as they are shared. There is a delicious fragrance around married life, sweet as a bed of violets. It is a garden on which numberless beauteous flowers take delight to cast their modest odours. The ocean has varied treasures hidden in its vasty deep, but what are they to the wrapt-up comforts of a man, locked up in the love of a good wife? I feel holier and better when I scent the blessings that are ever

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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present and around the home of a married couple.  
Wedlock gives to you in your wife

‘A golden sentence  
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may  
Discourse of, only men know how to use,  
And none but devils violate.’

---

There is bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
When two that are link'd in that heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !  
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;  
And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this !

MOORE.

Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.

KNOWLES.

Open the temple gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,  
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,  
For to receive this saint with honour due  
That cometh in to you.

## *Wedlock.*

With trembling steps and humble reverence  
She cometh in before the Almighty's view.  
Of her, yet virgins learn obedience.  
When so ye come unto those holy places,  
So humble your proud faces.  
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endless matrimony make ;  
And let the roaring organs loudly play,  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes :  
The while with hollow throats  
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, while she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy spirit that to her speaks,  
And blesses her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,  
Like crimson dyed in grain ;  
That even the angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remain,  
Forget their service, and about her fly,  
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair  
The more they on it stare !  
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not a look to glance away  
Which may let in a little thought unsound.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

dear pledges ; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. But he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows, and blessing itself cannot make him happy.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

### ST. PAUL ON MARRIAGE.

This passage (1 Cor. vii. 6-40), circumscribed, marked off, the only one in Scripture, so placed by itself, enclosed within bounds that separate the human from the divine word, and thus marked off in order to prevent the wisdom of earth from being confounded with that from above—this passage is the only one containing, in opposition to the whole Bible, a doctrine which has misled many a conscience, and corrupted the Church of Christ—the doctrine of sacred celibacy. All who, since St. Paul's time, have spoken of marriage as an act of condescension to human weakness, as a concession granted to the flesh, a miserable condition not to be continued in eternity—all such persons have quoted, in support of their views, the words which Paul uttered as his own opinion, and not as the result of divine inspiration.

'He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord.' Are

## *Wedlock.*

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you quite sure of that, Paul? Have you not often seen unmarried persons—I mean amongst thoroughly Christian people — troubling themselves about their own affairs, seeking to please themselves, paying special attention to their own person, and thus unconsciously displaying great selfishness?

‘He that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife.’ Are you sure of that, Paul? Have you not seen, on the contrary, married people mutually stirring up each other to duty, to struggle, to self-denial, and showing an example of self-sacrifice, and sealing their union by Christian martyrdom? Have you forgotten Aquila and Priscilla, and many other married witnesses, who found in the love called forth by the gospel a motive for loving God more, a zeal that led them to serve Him better?

‘He that gives his daughter (our version says *virgin*) in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better.’ That *better* which Paul urges upon fathers who do not marry their daughters makes its appearance here—take good note of the fact—for the first time in Scripture. The word of God knows nothing of such *betters*. The gospel does not admit of exceptional holiness, or of a cheap sort of holiness. Perfection is placed before all, is made obligatory upon all, and to the same degree. I defy you to find anything else in Scripture. And what sort of a God would it be, I should like to ask, who should demand anything else? And what sort of a soul would that be which would be satisfied

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

with anything lower? The divine seal is seen in this, that, while human religions talk of different degrees of holiness, God, who is perfect, requires perfection. Now the perfect God ordained marriage, the perfect Saviour restored marriage in its integrity; and Christian marriage and the Christian family, this was the noble and holy lesson proclaimed to the heathen world. If the gospel, as Pagan socialism, poorly disguised beneath the monk's dress, affirms—if the gospel established not the family, but the convent; not marriage, but celibacy; not the individual, but the unit (*numero*), then it has brought nothing, has taught nothing, has changed nothing: no revelation, no restoration, no transformation, has marked or followed the coming of Jesus Christ! Open your eyes, look at the ancient world, and look at the modern world; observe in the modern world the two streams, compare the nations that receive the Bible with those that follow the Latin tradition, the Christian stream with the Pagan stream, and decide for yourself.

COUNT GASPARIN.

To be man's tender mate was woman born,  
And in obeying nature she best serves  
The purposes of Heaven.

. SCHILLER.

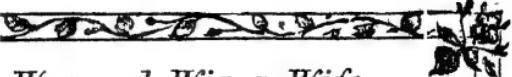
Marriage, like the family it springs from, and like the State, has, I say, underlying it a divine idea; and, as a rule, it is essential to the development of the highest

## *Wedlock.*

perfection of human nature. To this rule, indeed, there are innumerable exceptions—exceptions, however, which do but reveal the operations of a higher law, which can work out its results independently of all common means and common methods. There have been men and women who, in a single life, have exhibited a beauty as well as a strength of character which has never been surpassed. Most of us, however, require marriage to redeem us from selfishness, to form us to habits of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, to develope tenderness of affection, to subdue wilfulness, to teach us in the common human sphere the ultimate and divine secret which God reveals to angels and to saints—the secret of living not for ourselves, but for another. We are to be restored to God's image—this is the great end of our earthly existence—and in this all the institutions of society and the State have their ultimate reason and their religious sanction. The relationship of marriage, beyond all others, unfolds within us that perfect and self-sacrificing care of children to which the sacredness of marriage is indispensable ; we are formed to the image of God's fatherhood. The institution is therefore related to the supreme destiny of our race ; it has a moral idea for its basis, an idea which is to be found in the special virtues and perfections which it is calculated to develope.

R. W. DALE.

The man that doth wed a wyfe  
For her goodes and her rychesse,



## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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And not for lynage femynatyfe,  
Procureth doloure and dystresse,  
With infynyte payne and hevynesse ;  
For she wyll do hym moche sorrowe,  
Bothe at enyn and at morowe.

JOHN SKELTON.

Now Iō Pæan sing, now wreaths prepare,  
And with repeated Iōs fill the air :  
The prey is fallen in my successful toils.

ANON.

Love generally produces matrimony ; so it often happens that matrimony produces love.

It perhaps requires more virtue to make a good husband or wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

Discretion seems absolutely necessary ; and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most famous for their wisdom. Homer, who hath drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the more complete, hath celebrated him for the just returns of fidelity and truth to his Penelope ; insomuch that he refused the caresses of a goddess for her sake ; and, to use the expression of the best of Pagan authors, his wife was dearer to him than immortality.

Virtue is the next necessary qualification for this domestic character, as it naturally produces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus Brutus and Porcia were

## *Wedlock.*

more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

Good-nature is a third necessary ingredient in the marriage state, without which it would inevitably sour upon a thousand occasions. When greatness of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and esteem of all who behold it. Thus Cæsar, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour than for his humanity, stole into the hearts of the Roman people, when, breaking through the custom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his first and best-beloved wife.

Good-nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenness of temper, which is above all things to be preserved in this friendship contracted for life. A man must be easy within himself before he can be so to his other self. Socrates and Marcus Aurelius are instances of men who, by the strength of philosophy, having entirely composed their minds and subdued their passions, are celebrated for good husbands; notwithstanding the first was yoked with Xantippe, and the other with Faustina. If the wedded pair would but habituate themselves for the first year to bear with one another's faults, the difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual sweetness of temper and complacency was finely recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among the heathens, who, when they sacrificed to Juno at that solemnity, always tore out the gall from the entrails of the victim, and cast it behind the altar.

Sir Philip de Somerville held the manors of Whichen-

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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ovre, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in the county of Stafford, of the Earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service: The said Sir Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain one bacon-flitch, hanging in his hall at Whichenovre ready arrayed all times of the year but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of the marriage be past, in form following :<sup>1</sup>

‘ Whensoever that any one such before named will come to inquire for the bacon in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth :

‘ “ Bailiff, or porter, I do you to know that I am come for myself to demand one bacon-flyke hanging in the hall of the lord of Whichenovre, after the form thereunto belonging.”

‘ After which relation, the bailiff or porter shall assign a day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the meantime, the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there shall summon the aforesaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle,

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<sup>1</sup> There was an institution of the same kind at Dunmow in Essex.

## *Wedlock.*

a sack and a pryke, for to convey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, as his hostages. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, summon all the tenants of the said manor to be ready at the day appointed at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the services which they owe to the bacon. And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon shall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the sun-rising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets, and to all those which shall be there, to do their services due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabors, and other manner of minstrelsy, to the hall door, where he shall find the lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

‘ He shall inquire of him which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him ; which must answer “ they be here ready.” And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded ; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past ; and if he be a freeman or a villain.<sup>1</sup> And if his said neighbours make oath that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed, then shall the bacon be

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., according to the acceptance of the word at the date of this institution, ‘ a freeman, or a servant.’

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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taken down and brought to the hall door, and shall there be laid upon one half-quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner :—

“Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somervile, lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne : that I A sithe I wedded B my wife, and sithe I had hyr in my kepyng, and at my wylle by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other ; farer ne fowler ; richer ne pourer ; ne for none other descended of greater lynage ; sleeping ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seyd B were sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the world, of what condicones soever they be, good or evylle ; as help me God and His seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes.”

‘And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheese ; and if he be a villain, he shall have a quarter of rye without cheese. And then shall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for, to carry all these things tofore rehearsed ; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse and the bacon above it ; and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheese before him, if he have a horse. And if he have none, the lord of Whichenovre shall cause him

## *Wedlock.*

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to have one horse and saddle, to such time if he be passed his lordship ; and so shall they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, taborets, and other manner of minstrelsy. And all the free tenants of Whichenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenovre. And then shall they all return except him to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whichenovre.'

STEELE.

You *marry*, as all should, filled with mutual esteem, and unfeigned desire to promote each other's comfort and peace every day—a desire which must never cease. Yet there can be no security, as facts prove, without the *love* of God.

VENN.

The Christian religion alone contemplates the conjugal union in the order of nature. It is the only religion which presents woman to man as a companion ; every other abandons her to him as a slave.

To religion alone do European women owe the liberty they enjoy ; and from the liberty of women that of nations has flowed ; accompanied with the proscription of many inhuman usages diffused over all other parts of the world—such as slavery, seraglios, and eunuchs.

ST. PIERRE.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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Let the husband and wife infinitely avoid a curious distinction of *mine and thine*; for this hath caused all the laws, suits, and wars in the world; let them who have but one person, have also but one interest. . . . Macarius, in his thirty-second Homily, speaks fully in this particular: 'A woman betrothed to a man bears all her portion, and with a mighty love pours it into the hands of her husband, and says, "I have nothing of my own;—my goods, my portion, my body, and my mind, are yours."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Marriage is with us  
The holiest ordinance of God, whereon  
The bliss or bane of human life depends.  
Love must be won by love, and heart to heart  
Link'd in mysterious sympathy, before  
We pledge the marriage-vow.

SOUTHEY.

From Jesus Christ and His Spirit, marriage and home receive a new sanction and a new position in the whole world. In spite of all the fancies, and perversions, and exaggerations of later times, the institution of Christian marriage and the blessings of a Christian home are such as have indeed been worthy of the 'beginning of miracles' in Cana of Galilee. They are the bulwarks of nations and churches; they are the salt of human life; they are the proper sphere of every human soul. A happy marriage

## *Wedlock.*

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is a new beginning of life; a new starting-point for happiness and usefulness; it is the great opportunity, once for all, to leave the past, with all its follies and faults and errors, far, far behind us, for ever, and to press forward with new hopes, new courage, and new strength into the future which opens before us. A happy home is the best likeness of heaven; a home where husband and wife, father and mother, brother and sister, child and parent, each in their several ways, help each the other forwards in their difficult course as no other human being can; for none else has the same opportunities, none else so know the character of any other; none else has such an interest at stake in the welfare and the fame, the grace and the goodness, of any one else, as of those who are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; in whose happiness and glory we ourselves become happy and glorious; in whose misery we become miserable; by whose selfishness, weakness, and worldliness we are dragged down to earth; by whose purity, and nobleness, and strength we are raised up, almost against our will, to duty, to heaven, and to God.

DEAN STANLEY.

She that weds well will wisely *match* her love;  
Nor be below her husband, nor above.

DRYDEN.

Married life appears to me a sort of philosophical discipline, training persons to honourable duties, worthy

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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of the good and wise. Few unmarried people are affected as they ought to be towards the public good, and perceive what are really the most important objects in life.

MELANCTHON.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their natural lives.

T. HALL.

Plutarch compares a new marriage to a vessel before the hoops are on—everything dissolves its tender compaginations ; but when the joints are stiffened and are tied by a firm compliance and proportioned bending, scarcely can it be dissolved without fire, or the violence of iron. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

BURTON.

Marriage was ordained by the Almighty, instituted in Paradise, and the first blessing from the Lord ; He gave to man not a friend, but a wife—that is, a friend and a

## *Wedlock.*

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wife too (for a good woman is, in her soul, the same that a man is, and she is a woman only in her body ; that she may have the excellency of the one and the usefulness of the other, and become amiable in both) : marriage was ministered to by angels, and the first miracle our Saviour did was to do honour to a wedding.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Love in marriage cannot live nor subsist, unless it be mutual ; and where love cannot be, there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husk of an outside matrimony, as undelightful and unpleasing to God as any other kind of hypocrisy.

MILTON.

Here Love his golden shafts employs ; here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings ;  
Reigns here, and revels.

MILTON.

How near am I now to a happiness  
That earth exceeds not !—not another like it :  
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,  
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air  
Of blessings when I come but near the house.  
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth !  
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock  
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight  
To cast their modest odours ; when base lust,  
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,  
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

Now for a welcome,  
Able to draw men's envies upon man ;  
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip  
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,  
And full as long !

MIDDLETON.

‘ It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.’

PUBLIUS SYRIUS.

I dislike the ridiculous customs of garnishing a new-married couple, and setting a gloss upon their persons which is to last no longer than the honeymoon ; I think it may be much for the emolument of my disciples of both sexes to make them sensible, in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expenses, and a more magnificent way of living, immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be persons of any rank, they come into all public places and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and so glittering an appearance, as if they were making so many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and six, the gaudy liveries, the supernumerary train of

## *Wedlock.*

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servants, the great house, the sumptuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered clothes, the rich brocades, and the profusion of jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many symptoms of madness in the happy pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

I remember a country squire, who enjoyed a very clear estate of £500 per annum, and by living frugally upon it was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippant, the then reigning toast in those parts. In a word, he married her, and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in less than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt ; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight was the very reverse of the squire's. He had lived a bachelor some years about this town, in the best of companies ; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle horses ; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income ; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle horses, and his chariot, and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced linen were quite laid aside ; he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted anything beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

the reason of this sudden change, he would answer, 'In single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in is attended with a thousand casualties, as well as a great many distant but unavoidable expenses. The happiness or misery in this world of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my duty until I have laid up a provision for three or four children at least.' 'But pr'ythee, Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why shouldst thou reckon thy chickens before—' Upon which he cut him short, and replied, 'It is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living.' This cautious way of reasoning and acting has proved to Mr. Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Wedlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents' prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland it is provided by law, that every man before he marries shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the Government for the maintenance of his children. Every honest as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expenses, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons

## *Wedlock.*

who sacrifice everything to their present vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world : I could never be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jiggling it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expense of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men ! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels ; but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner : be pleased only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not,' continues she, 'at all fond of those expensive trifles ; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness. I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself affected with the gaiety of apparel.' When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others.' The gentleman,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it ; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love ; part of it she yearly-distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours ; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself or the children.

ADDISON.

Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature ; men and women are made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness. It is a state not suited to the conditions of some few individuals only, but appropriate to all persons under all circumstances,—extended to the concave arch of heaven, and of incalculable duration. It will brighten affliction's gloomy countenance, and make sorrow wear a cheerful garment. It will deck the humble and contented cot with almost heavenly bliss, and waft its fragrance even to the most remote recesses of poignant misery.

DR. JOHNSON.

When we see the ~~avaricious~~ and crafty taking companions to their home without any inquiry but after farms and money ; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by

## *Wedlock.*

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the light of tapers ; when parents make articles for children without inquiring after their consent ; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please ; when some marry because their servants cheat them, some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some because they are sick of themselves,—we are not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity ; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when we find its pleasures so great, that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them. Those, therefore, of the above description, that should rail against matrimony, should be informed that they are neither to wonder nor repine that a contract begun on such principles has ended in disappointment.

DR. JOHNSON.

Methinks it is a misfortune that the marriage state, which in its own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this world is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many ~~as it~~ daily proves. But the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice people make for themselves, and an expectation of happiness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

good qualities of the person beloved can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion ; and whoever expects happiness from anything but virtue, wisdom, good-humour, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make riches their chief if not their only aim ! How rare it is for a man, when he engages himself in the thoughts of marriage, to place his hopes of having in such a woman a constant, agreeable companion !—one who will divide his cares and double his joys, who will manage that share of his estate he entrusts to her conduct with prudence and frugality, govern his house with economy and discretion, and be an ornament to himself and family. Where shall we find the man who looks out for one who places her chief happiness in the practice of virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleasure? No : men rather seek for money as the complement of all their desires ; and, regardless of what kind of wives they take, they think riches will be a minister to all kinds of pleasures.

Now as for the women : how few of them are there who place the happiness of their marriage in the having a wise and virtuous friend ; one who will be faithful and just to all, a constant and loving to her ; who with care and diligence will look after and improve the estate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient ! Rather, how few are there who do not place their happiness in outshining others in pomp and show, and who do not think within themselves, when they have

## *Wedlock.*

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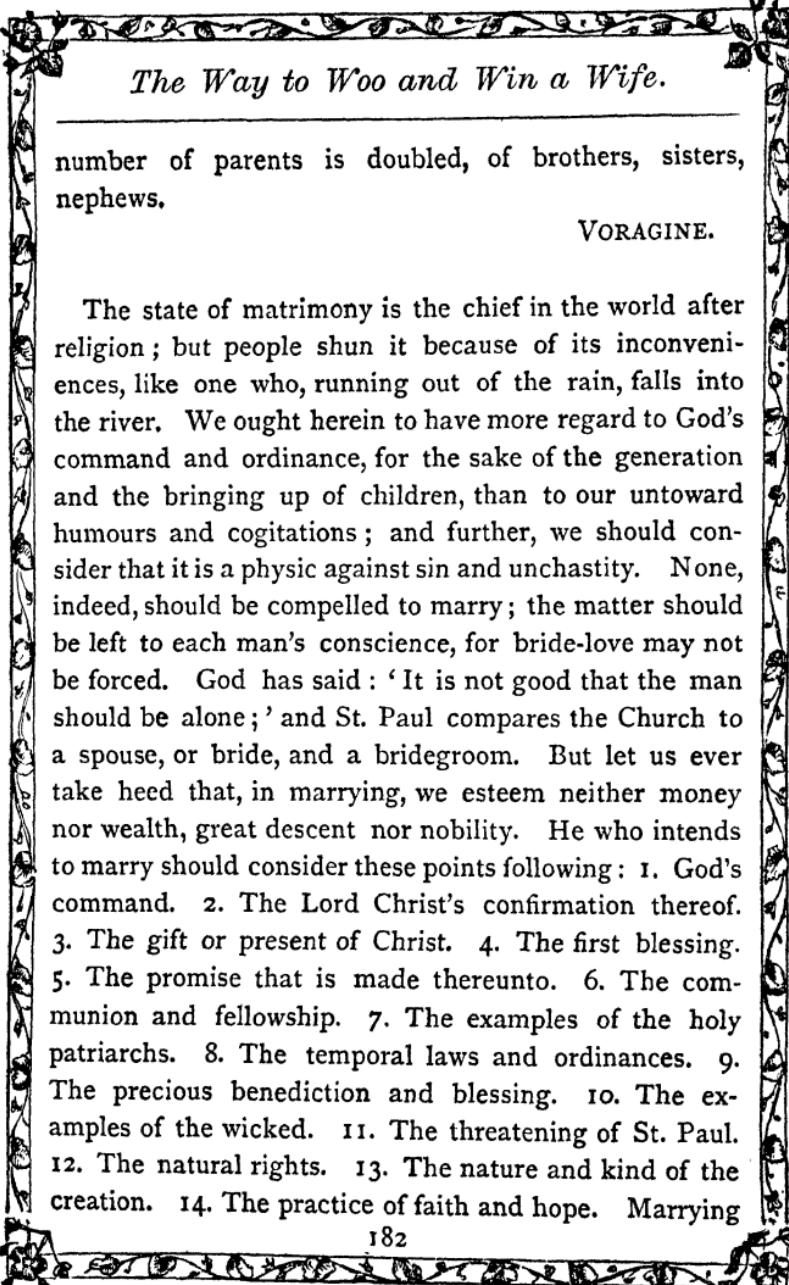
married such a rich person, that none of their acquaintance shall appear so fine in their equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so magnificent in their furniture, as themselves! Thus their heads are filled with vain ideas: and I heartily wish I could say that equipage and show were not the chief good of so many women as I fear it is.

After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflections and disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable state of life.

ADDISON.

But what do I trouble myself to finde arguments to perswade to or commend marriage? Behold a brief abstract, succinctly, pithily, pathetically, perspicuously, and elegantly set forth:—

1. Hast thou meanes? thou hast one to keep and increase it.
2. Hast none? thou hast one to helpe to get it.
3. Art in prosperity? thine happiness is doubled.
4. Art in adversity? shee'l comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden, to make it more tolerable.
5. Art at home? shee'l drive away melancholy.
6. Art abroad? shee looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy returne.
7. There's nothing delightsome without society; no society so sweet as matrimony.
8. The band of conjugal love is adamantine.
9. The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth, the



## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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number of parents is doubled, of brothers, sisters, nephews.

VORAGINE.

The state of matrimony is the chief in the world after religion ; but people shun it because of its inconveniences, like one who, running out of the rain, falls into the river. We ought herein to have more regard to God's command and ordinance, for the sake of the generation and the bringing up of children, than to our untoward humours and cogitations ; and further, we should consider that it is a physic against sin and unchastity. None, indeed, should be compelled to marry ; the matter should be left to each man's conscience, for bride-love may not be forced. God has said : 'It is not good that the man should be alone ;' and St. Paul compares the Church to a spouse, or bride, and a bridegroom. But let us ever take heed that, in marrying, we esteem neither money nor wealth, great descent nor nobility. He who intends to marry should consider these points following : 1. God's command. 2. The Lord Christ's confirmation thereof. 3. The gift or present of Christ. 4. The first blessing. 5. The promise that is made thereunto. 6. The communion and fellowship. 7. The examples of the holy patriarchs. 8. The temporal laws and ordinances. 9. The precious benediction and blessing. 10. The examples of the wicked. 11. The threatening of St. Paul. 12. The natural rights. 13. The nature and kind of the creation. 14. The practice of faith and hope. Marrying

## *Wedlock.*

cannot be without women, nor can the world subsist without them. A woman is, or at least should be, a friendly, courteous, and merry companion in life, whence they are named by the Holy Ghost house-honours—the honour and ornament of the house ; and inclined to tenderness, for thereunto are they chiefly created to be the pleasure, joy, and solace of their husbands.

LUTHER.

How blest has my time been ! what joys have I known,  
Since wedlock's soft bandage made Jessy my own !  
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.  
Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play :  
How pleasing their sport is ! the wanton ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.  
What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue ?  
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through ;  
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.  
Ye shepherds so gay, who make life to ensnare,  
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,  
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam !  
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

EDWARD MOORE.

The happy marriage is where two persons meet and voluntarily make the choice of each other, without prin-

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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cipally regarding or neglecting the circumstance of fortune or beauty. These may still love, in spite of adversity or sickness: the former we may in some measure defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very make. When you have a true notion of this sort of fashion, your humour of living great will vanish out of your imagination, and you will find love has nothing to do with state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure, even in a woman's mind, beyond show or pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your lovers will like you best, which will bear with you most when out of humour; and your way to this is to ask of yourself, which of them you value most for his own sake, and by that judge which gives the greater instances of his valuing you for yourself only.

T. STEELE,

Marriage is a kind of apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman. Old age is likewise a great decayer of your idol: the truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated idol, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her. Considering, therefore, that in these and many other cases the woman generally outlives the *idol*, I must desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable

## *Wedlock.*

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and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

ADDISON.

The infelicities of marriage are not to be urged against its institution, as the miseries of life would prove equally that life cannot be the gift of Heaven.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

Marriage is not commonly unhappy, but as life is unhappy, and most of those who complain of connubial miseries have as much satisfaction as their natures would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

Those who marry late in life will find it dangerous to suspend their fate upon each other, at a time when opinions are fixed and habits are established; when friendships have been contracted on both sides; when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects. They will probably escape the encroachment of their children; but in diminution of this advantage, they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian's mercy; or if that should not happen, they must at least go out of the world before they see those whom they love best either wise or great. From their

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

children, if they have less to fear, they have also less to hope ; and they lose without equivalent the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant and minds susceptible of new impressions.

A poet may praise many whom he would be afraid to marry, and perhaps marry one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness upon which poetry has no colours to bestow, and many airs and sallies may delight imagination which he who flatters them never can approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration—no spectacle is nobler than a blaze.

A certain dissimilitude of habitudes and sentiments, as leaves each some peculiar advantages, and affords that *concordia discors*, that suitable disagreement, is always necessary to happy marriages. Such reasonings terminate generally in the same conclusion. Such thoughts, like rivulets issuing from distant springs, are each impregnated in its course with various mixtures, and tinged by infusions unknown to the other, yet at last easily unite into one stream, and purify themselves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities.

DR. JOHNSON.

Two hearts together, that began  
Their spring-time with one love, and that have need  
Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet  
To grant or be received.

WORDSWORTH.

## *Wedlock.*

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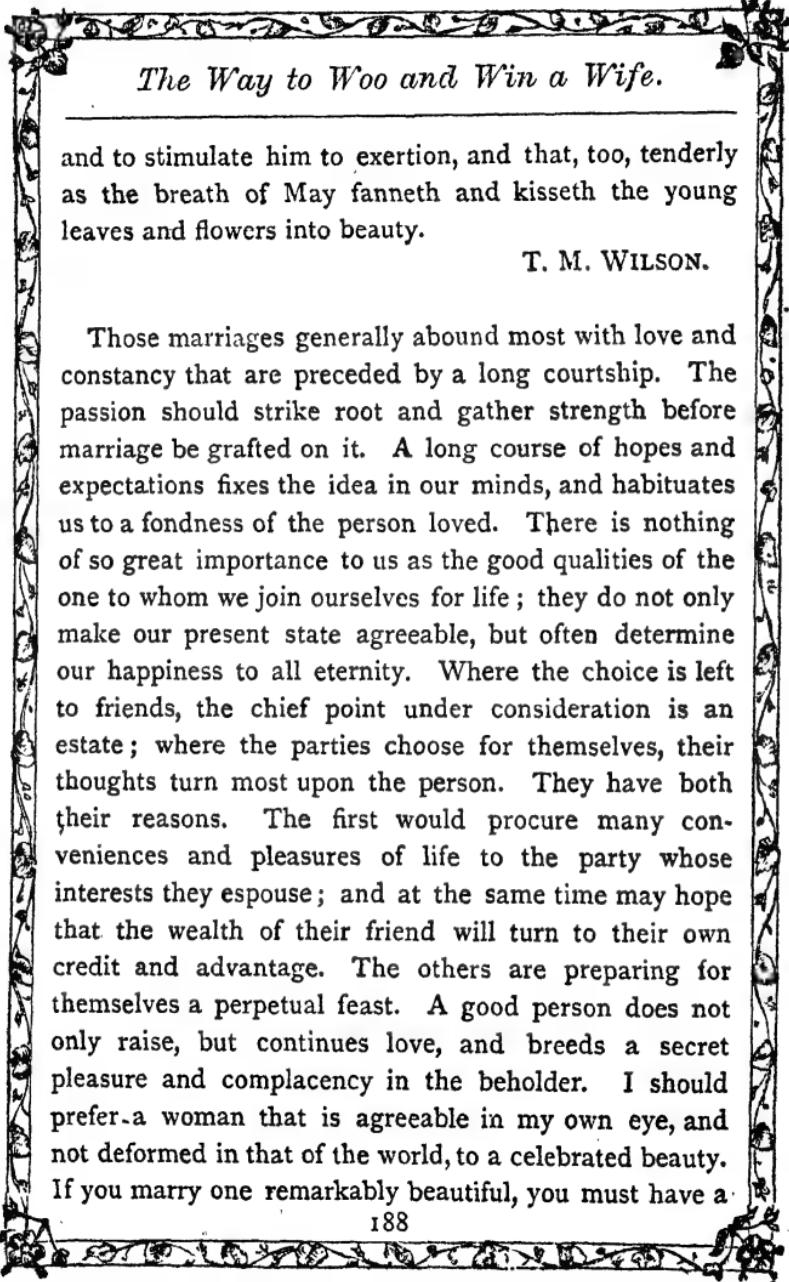
Married life appears to me a sort of philosophical discipline, training persons to honourable duties, worthy of the good and wise. Few unmarried people are affected as they ought to be towards the public good, and perceive what are really the most important objects in life.

MELANCTHON.

As a walled town is more worthy than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the brow of the bachelor.

LUTHER.

The important question is not *when* a man marries, but *whom* he marries. They talk of a man tying up his hands, and placing a barrier before his prospects: in short, as flinging a blight over his worldly expectations—like an untimely frost, nipping and withering an opening bud. It is one of the thousand popular fallacies which ever float on the surface of the chit-chat of society. A married man, young or old, is always a more responsible sort of character than a bachelor. If a man take unto himself an amiable and a prudent wife, even though she bring him not a shilling as a dowry, and although he may be young in years, and a beginner in business, he doeth well. Had he doubled his stock, his credit, and his custom, he would not have done better: for he has a double motive to do so. He has found one to beguile his dulness, to soothe his care, to cheer him forward,



### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

and to stimulate him to exertion, and that, too, tenderly as the breath of May fanneth and kisseth the young leaves and flowers into beauty.

T. M. WILSON.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person loved. There is nothing of so great importance to us as the good qualities of the one to whom we join ourselves for life ; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate ; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse ; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise, but continues love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder. I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a

## Wedlock.

violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms ; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be embittered with fears and jealousies.

ADDISON.

||| 'Their nuptial bed may smiling concord dress,  
And *Venus* still the happy union bless !  
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth  
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth.'

F. LEWIS.

It is not common to envy those with whom we cannot easily be placed in comparison. Every man sees without malevolence the progress of another in the tracks of life which he has himself no desire to tread, and hears without inclination to cavils or contradiction the renown of those whose distance will not suffer them to draw the attention of mankind from his own merit. We do not therefore ascribe to you any superlative degree of virtue, when we believe that we may inform you of our change of condition without danger of malignant fascination ; and that when you read of the marriage of your correspondents *Hymenæus* and *Tranquilla*, you will join your wishes to those of their other friends for the happy event of an union in which caprice and selfishness had so little part.

There is at least this reason why we should be less deceived in our connubial hopes than many who enter into the same state, that we have allowed our minds to form no unreasonable expectations, nor vitiated our

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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fancies in the soft hours of courtship with visions of felicity which human power cannot bestow, or of perfection which human virtue cannot attain. That impartiality with which we endeavoured to inspect the manners of all whom we have known was never so much overpowered by our passion, but that we discovered some faults and weaknesses in each other ; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are inconveniences likewise to be endured ; and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliary virtues we must find different opinions and opposite inclinations.

We, however, flatter ourselves—for who is not flattered by himself as well as by others on the day of marriage?—that we are eminently qualified to give mutual pleasure. Our birth is without any such remarkable disparity as can give either an opportunity of insulting the other with pompous names and splendid alliances, or of calling in upon any domestic controversy the overbearing assistance of powerful relations. Our fortune was equally suitable, so that we meet without any of those obligations which always produce reproach or suspicion of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the first month, no delicacy will always suppress, or of which the suppression must be considered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameness and submission, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the desire of pleasing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

## *Wedlock.*

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The settlements caused no delay ; for we did not trust our affairs to the negotiation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying stipulations. *Tranquilla* scorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whose hands she delivered up her person ; and *Hymenæus* thought no act of baseness more criminal than his who enslaves his wife by her own generosity, who by marrying without a jointure condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at last boasts his liberality, by granting what only the indiscretion of her kindness enabled him to withhold. He therefore received on the common terms the portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reserved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for those excellences which he has yet been able to discover only in *Tranquilla*.

We did not pass the weeks of courtship like those who consider themselves as taking the last draught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit, or who know themselves about to set happiness to hazard, and endeavour to lose their sense of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amusement, and whirl round the gulf before they sink. *Hymenæus* often repeated a medical axiom, that *the succours of sickness ought not to be wasted in health*. We know that, however our eyes may yet sparkle, and our hearts bound at the presence of each other, the time of listlessness and age must come at last, in which we shall be driven for relief to other recreations ; that the uniformity of life must be sometimes diversified, and the vacuities of conversation sometimes supplied. We rejoice

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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in the reflection that we have stores of novelty yet unexhausted, which may be opened when repletion shall call for change, and gratifications yet untasted, by which life, when it shall become vapid or bitter, may be restored to its former sweetness and sprightliness, and again irritate the appetite, and again sparkle in the cup.

Our time will probably be less tasteless than that of those whom the authority and avarice of parents unite almost without their consent in their early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflection, or collected materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often seen rising in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to doze, whose happiness was celebrated by their neighbours, because they happened to grow rich by parsimony, and to be kept quiet by insensibility, and agreed to eat and to sleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no strangers to the faults and virtues, the designs and competitions, the hopes and fears, of our contemporaries. We have both amused our leisure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wisdom. Every occurrence furnishes us with some hint which one or the other can improve; and if it should happen that memory or imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving solitude.

These benefits we receive in a greater degree, as we converse without reserve, because we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible

## *Wedlock.*

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deductions from avowed expenses, no habits to be indulged by the private subserviency of a favoured servant, no private interviews with needy relations, no intelligence with spies placed upon each other. We consider marriage as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardour of desire which the first sight of pleasure naturally produces, have long ceased to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has shown us that few gratifications are too valuable to be sacrificed to complaisance. We have thought it convenient to rest from the fatigue of pleasure, and now only continue that course of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, supported in our resolution by mutual encouragement, and assisted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such is our prospect of life—a prospect which, as it is beheld with more attention, seems to open more extensive happiness, and spreads by degrees into the boundless regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, and we are doomed to give one instance more of the uncertainty of human discernment, we shall comfort ourselves amidst our disappointments, that we were not betrayed but by such delusions as caution could not escape, since we sought happiness only in the arms of virtue.

DR. JOHNSON.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has before now disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. 'Laziness is the devil's cushion.' Do not run much from home. One's own health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friends, begins like a rosy morning, then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other as before. Endeavour always, my chidden, to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts.

FREDERICA BREMER.

With thee

Certain my resolution is to die :  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart : no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from my state  
Mine never shall be parted bliss or woe.

MILTON.

Our Redeemer consecrates marriage, and the sympathies which lead to marriage. He declares the sacredness of feelings which had been reckoned carnal, and

## *Wedlock.*

low, and human. He stamped His image on human joys, human connections, human relationships. He pronounces that they are more than human ; the means whereby God's presence comes to us ; the types and shadows whereby higher and deeper relationships become possible to us. For it is through our human affections that the soul first learns to feel that its destiny is divine. It is through a moral yearning unsatisfied that the spirit ascends, seeking a higher object. It is through the gush of our human tenderness that the Immortal and the Infinite in us reveals it. Never does a man know the force that is in him till some mighty affection or grief has humanized the soul. It is by an earthly relationship that God has typified to us and helped us to conceive the only true espousal, the marriage of the soul to her Eternal Lord.

REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.

O marriage ! powerful charm, gift all-divine,  
Sent from the skies, o'er life's drear waste to shine ;  
What splendours from thy bright tiara spring,  
What graces round thy chaste'n'd footsteps cling !  
Vengeance will surely crush the idiot land,  
That drags the sceptre from thy hallow'd hand,  
That dares to trample on thy holy rites,  
And nuptial perfidy, unawed, invites.  
The weeping world to thee its solace owes,  
From thee derives its truest, best repose.  
Not the cold compact subtle interest twines,  
Not that which pale submission trembling signs,

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Is marriage ! No ! 'tis when its polish'd chain  
Binds those who in each other's bosom reign ;  
'Tis when two minds form one ecstatic whole,  
One sweetly blended with one sense, one soul !  
This was the gift the exiled seraph curst,  
When from hell's blazing continent he burst ;  
Eden's full charms he saw, without a groan,  
Though Nature there had fix'd her gorgeous throne !  
Its rich ananas, and its aloes high,  
Whose forms pyramidal approach'd the sky ;  
Its towering palms with luscious clusters crown'd ;  
Its shrubs, whose perfumes fill'd the region round ;  
Its streams pellucid, and its bowers of shade ;  
Its flowers, that knew to bloom, but not to fade ;  
Its orb, that gave the new created day ;  
Night's lunar bow, that soothed with tender ray ;  
Its fields of wavy gold, its slopes of green,  
By the fell fiend without a pang were seen.  
'Twas then fierce rancour seized the demon's breast,  
When in the married pair he felt mankind were blest !

HANNAH COWLEY.

Marriage was never meant for coats of arms ;  
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,  
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,  
No painting on't is there !—as red, as warm,  
The peasant's as the noble's !

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

*Wedlock.*

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Gladly I

With thee will live, with thee will die.

HORACE.

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich :  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;  
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :  
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,  
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife ?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

SHAKSPEARE.

When such friends part,  
'Tis the survivor dies.

YOUNG.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive; namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only in some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

FULLER.

For a man to enjoy repose and happiness in marriage, he must have in his wife a soul-mate as well as a helpmate. But it is not requisite that she should be merely a pale copy of himself. A man no more desires in his wife a manly woman, than the woman desires in her husband a womanly man. A woman's best qualities do not reside in her intellect, but in her affections. She gives refreshment by her sympathies rather than by her knowledge.

But though no man may love a woman for her understanding, it is not the less necessary for her to cultivate it on that account. There may be difference in character, but there must be harmony of mind and sentiment—two intelligent souls as well as two loving hearts :

' Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,  
Two in the tangled business of the world,  
Two in the liberal offices of life.'

SMILES.

Remember that if thou marry for beauty only, thou

*Wedlock.*

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bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year ; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all ; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.

RALEIGH.

Ay, marriage is the lifelong miracle,  
The self-begetting wonder, daily fresh ;  
The Eden where the spirit and the flesh  
Are one again ; and new-born souls walk free,  
And name in mystic language all things new.

KINGSLEY.

What do you think of marriage ?  
I take 't as those that deny purgatory :  
It locally contains or heaven or hell ;  
There's no third place in it.

WEBSTER.

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity ; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

DR. JOHNSON.

When your present violence of passion subsides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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hasty to censure as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy ; you have lost that only which it is impossible to retain ; and it were graceless, amidst the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected that no object however sublime, no sounds however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said, indeed, to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth. You have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

To be happy, we must always have something in view. Turn, therefore, your attention to her mind, which will daily grow higher by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will by this means have many pursuits in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement : endeavour to cement the present union on every side ; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expenses, your friendships, or your aversions ; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues ; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity ; let her never have anything to find out in your character ; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

## *Wedlock.*

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Seek not for happiness in singularity, and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her request, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence; and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cooking and learning are both good in their places, and may both be used with advantage. With regard to expense, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of luxuries is seldom or never profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator; and for the greater ones, they can only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt or open indignation.

This may, perhaps, be a displeasing reflection; but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, a peculiar attention to the higher distinction of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably aspire.

There is no reproof however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others for the slights of her husband. For this and for every other reason, it behoves a married

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain at least that general civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not show a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head ; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements, indeed, are not so expensive as is sometimes imagined ; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintances, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure that can be afforded. That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule.

If your wife is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious. *Be above delighting in her pain in all things.*

PIAZZI.

Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duties of parents and the charity of relations : here

## *Wedlock.*

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kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to Him ; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life ; it hath more care, but less danger ; it is more merry, and more sad ; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys ; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and Heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity ; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

I wish I had been married in my youth ;  
But duty, fortune, fate, alike forbade.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Perhaps if I had married and been happy,  
I never should have written this long poem.  
If I had gained, the world would then have lost ;  
For, like a lovely bullfinch in a cage,  
I sing to chase unhappiness away.  
But though the married state in theory,  
Also in poetry, is very charming,  
Yet it involves some rather serious drawbacks,  
Rent, rates, and taxes, doctors' bills and school bills,  
Eatables, drinkables, and also wearables,  
Enough to make a merry man look grave.  
Avaunt with this cold calculating creed !  
Is not a loving wife herself a fortune,  
A mine of inexhaustible contentment,  
The kindest and the carefulllest of friends,  
The first of earthly counsellors in trouble,  
The best of earthly comforters in sorrow ?  
Is she not like the ballast to a ship,  
The pediment to manhood's stately column,  
Part of himself, the mother of his offspring ?  
I speak of things of which I know but little,  
Mostly from hearsay and from taking notice.  
Much may be said on both sides of the question.  
The summer sea is fair to look upon,  
It seems a pleasant thing to sail across it ;  
And yet how many wrecks, alas ! take place,  
How many a pretty gallant craft goes down !  
So fares it on the sea of matrimony.

HUNNARD.

*Wedlock.*

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Would my good lady love me best,  
And work after my will,  
I should a garment goodliest  
Gar make her body till.

Of high honoúr should be her hood,  
Upon her head to wear,  
Garnish'd with governance, so good  
Na deeming should her deir.

Her sark should be her body next,  
Of chastity so white ;  
With shame and dread together mixt,  
The same should be perfyte.

Her kirtle should be of clean constance  
Lacit with lesured love ;  
The mailies of continuance  
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of godliness,  
Well ribbon'd with renown ;  
Purfill'd with pleasure in ilk place,  
Furrit with fine fashioún.

Her belt should be of benignity,  
About her middle meet ;  
Her mantle of humility,  
To thole both wind and weit.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Her hat should be of fair having,  
And her tippet of truth ;  
Her patelet of good panning,  
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.

Her sleeves should be of esperance,  
To keep her fra despair ;  
Her glovis of good governance,  
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoon should be of sickerness,  
In sign that she nougnt slide ;  
Her hose of honesty, I guess  
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,  
I durst swear by my seill  
That she wore never green nor gray,  
That set her half so weel.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.

SHAKSPEARE.

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,  
Round my true heart thine arms entwine ;  
My other dearer life in life,  
Look through my very soul with thine !

*Wedlock,*

Untouch'd with any shade of years,  
May those kind eyes for ever dwell !  
They have not shed a many tears,  
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed : they had their part  
    Of sorrow : for, when time was ripe,  
The still affection of the heart  
    Became an outward breathing type,  
That into stillness pass'd again,  
    And left a want unknown before ;  
Although the loss that brought us pain,  
    That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,  
The woven arms, seem but to be  
Weak symbols of the settled bliss, . . .  
The comfort, I have found in thee :  
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought  
Two spirits to one equal mind—  
With blessings beyond hope or thought,  
With blessings which no words can find.

TENNYSON.

When hearts are join'd  
In virtuous union, love's impartial beams  
Gild the low cottage of the faithful swain  
With equal warmth, as when he darts his fires  
On canopies of State. FENTON.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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Joined, and joined for ever ; loving, loved.  
Life's darkest hours are met, and met unmoved ;  
Hand link'd in hand, the wedded pair pass on  
Thro' the world's changes, still unchanging, one  
On earth, one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,  
One closing hour, one undivided tomb.

DR. CROLY.

He is blest in love alone,  
Who loves for years, and loves but one.

SIR A. HUNT.

I have lived since in contemplation  
And long experience of your growing goodness.  
What then was passion, is my judgment now,  
Through all the several changes of my life,  
Confirmed and settled in adoring you.

HAYNE.

She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot.

MASSEY.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,  
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,  
And deepen'd the faint crimson of her mouth,  
And darken'd her dark locks as moonlight doth ;  
And of the gold and jewels glittering there  
She scarce felt conscious, but the weary glare

## *Wedlock.*

Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,  
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.  
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud  
Was less heavenly fair. Her face was bow'd ;  
And as she pass'd, the diamonds in her hair  
Were mirror'd in the polish'd marble stair  
Which led from the cathedral to the street ;  
And ever as she went, her light fair feet  
Erased these images.

VIRGIL.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In Paradise of all things common else !  
By thee, adul'trous lust was driven from men,  
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

MILTON.

Nor think that they whose equal hearts are linked  
In such harmonious union, dread the time  
When, treading softly life's declining slope,  
They watch, more near at hand, the end of all.  
Youth sees in youth its choice, but age in age ;  
And when the course of haply threescore years  
Shall dim thine eyes, shall rough thy faded cheek,  
Shall chill thy breast, O Procris ! now my bride,  
Then shall these eyes have grown too dim to mark

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

How wears thy beauty ; then this bounding pulse  
Hath checked its pace to move in step with thine ;  
Then shall we sit like doves whose nest hath been  
For many summers in the selfsame bough ;  
And from the chambers of the past recall,  
More oft with looks than cold, unequal words,  
What joys, what griefs have passed above our heads,  
As they waxed grey together.      REYNOLDS.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,  
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above !  
To draw new raptures from another's joy,  
To share each grief and half its sting destroy :  
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,  
Bless and be blessed, adore and be adored ;  
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,  
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined—  
Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,  
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

ROLLESTON.

I want the mistress of my board,  
The guardian of my little hoard,  
The ruler of my small domain,  
The mistress of my infant train ;  
My best adviser, surest guide,  
Of faith approved, of wisdom tried ;  
The soother of each pain and grief,  
From toil and care the sweet relief ;

## *Wedlock.*

The cheerful partner of my day,  
With whom the hours roll swift away.  
All these my Delia is to me,  
And these, when she returns, will be.  
What lover, then, has cause to sigh  
For absence half so much as I ?

AIKIN.

A hopeful man I past along,  
Tuning my voice to cheerful song,  
While thankfully the work was done ;  
But—I was only one.

Another joined with mine her life,  
And took the holy name of wife ;  
From morning shine to sleep of sun  
Love joy'd—we two were one.

Ah ! what is that ? The mother mild  
Warms on her heart a winsome child ,  
Thank God ! the world knows happier none,  
Than we three, who are one.

EGREMONT.

A great portion of the wretchedness which has often embittered married life has originated in the negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not even bear the touch of unkindness ; a

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered with showers of tender affection, expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it blooms with fragrance in every season of life, and sweetens even the loneliest of declining years.

IRVING.

Marriage is God's ordinance, and should be considered as such; not made a stale to any unworthy design. And it may well be presumed one cause why so few matches are happy, that they are not built upon a right foundation. Some are grounded upon wealth, some on beauty—two sandy bottoms, God knows, to raise any felicity on; whilst, in the interim, virtue and piety, the only solid basis for that superstructure, are scarce ever considered. Thus God is commonly left out of the consultation. The lawyers are resorted to, to secure the settlements, all sorts of artificers to make up the equipage; but He is neither advised with as to the motives, nor scarce supplicated as to the event, of wed-ding. Indeed, it is a deplorable sight to see with what lightness and unconcernedness young people go to that weightiest action of their lives; that a marriage-day is but a kind of a bacchanal, a mere licensed avowed revel: when, if they duly considered it, it is the hinge upon which their future life moves, which turns them over to a happy or miserable being, and therefore ought to be entered upon with the greatest seriousness and devotion.

## *Wedlock.*

Our Church advises excellently in the preface to matrimony ; and I wish they would not only give it the hearing at the time, but make it their study a good while before ; yea, and their marriage vow too, which is so strict and awful a bond, that methinks they had need well weigh every branch of it ere they enter into it ; and by the ferventest prayers implore that God who is the witness, to be their assistant too in its performance.

*The Ladies' Calling, 1693.*

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring they be cut down and trod upon ; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

What is the chord whose weavelets bind,  
When heart with heart, together twined,  
Affection's oneness prove ?  
Which knits so closely soul to soul,  
That both—one thinking, feeling whole—  
Are blended by the fine control  
Of mutual love ?

The bauble-links of glittering gold ;  
Can these the loftier spirit hold ?  
Can these enchain the heart ?

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

The eye of sense may greedy gaze,  
And glisten in the golden blaze ;  
But ah ! how soon the links will haze,  
And rust, and part !

The iron chain of cruel force,—  
Or polished ire, or roughness coarse,—  
This may—this does enslave !  
The victim bends beneath the weight,  
And only lives to weep its fate ;  
Then, crushed, departs this hapless state ;—  
Sleeps in the grave !

The cobweb-twine of sensual lust,  
When dust unites with fellow-dust ;  
How brittle is the band !  
'Tis pleasure of a moment's stay ;  
A phantom-joy, that flits away ;  
A fragile tie of crumbling clay ;—  
A rope of sand !

How nobler is the unison  
Of spirits moulded into one  
By secret sympathy !  
Thought, feeling, reason, judgment, will,  
The passions that each bosom fill,  
Not servile, are yet kindred still—  
Diff'reng, agree !

### *Wedlock.*

But where religion's graces shine,  
Till human fondness grows divine,  
A richer boon is given !  
The love of earth is then refined ;  
Creatures, with their Creator joined,  
The threefold cord, unbroken, find ;—  
The love of heaven !

Such love is holier, sweeter, truer ;  
A bond so sacred, one so pure,  
E'en death cannot dissever !—  
It buds in life ! and o'er the tomb  
This fragrant flower expands in bloom ;  
And 'neath those skies no cloud can gloom,—  
It lives for ever !

EDMESTON.

Good temper is like a sunny day ; it sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude. Every day brings its burden. The husband goes forth in the morning to his professional duties ; he cannot foresee what trial he may encounter, what failure of hopes or friendships, or of prospects, may meet him before he returns to his home ; but if he can anticipate there the beaming and hopeful smile, and the soothing attention, he feels that his cross, whatever it might be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure. It is the interest, therefore, as well as the duty of a woman, to cultivate good temper, and to

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

have ever ready some word or look of cheerfulness, of encouragement, or at least of sympathy. A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable, will teach the delicacy which times a kindness as well as renders it, and forbears all officious attentions, whilst it ever evinces a readiness to oblige. It need scarcely be said, that this temper is of more value than many more brilliant endowments ; that it is among the first recommendations to a woman in every domestic relation ; and that especially in that tie which, though the nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effectual cement of affection. It is not, indeed, so much a means of attracting or exciting love, as it is of securing it.

MRS. SANDFORD.

It is temper which creates the bliss of home, or disturbs its comforts. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle. Her home is in the forbearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition, anxious to give and receive happiness.

## *The Manœuvring Mother.*

The following sweet sonnet is said to be a translation of a Japanese love-song :—

My love is like a rock,  
Where birds of white wing fly,  
Which billows overleap,  
And sun can never dry.

## *Wedlock.*

My fondest fancies spring  
    Around him every hour,  
Bound breaking at his feet,  
    And o'er his brightness tower.

The gazer on the land  
    Looks long across the wave ;  
He sees a ridge of snow  
    Where waters roll and rave.

The rock—it lieth low  
    Beneath the tumbling sea ;  
My darling's stedfast soul  
    Is known to none but me.

I have seriously weighed it, and find it but just,  
That a wife makes a man either blessed or curst ;  
I declare I will marry as soon as I find—  
Mark me well, ye young lasses—a maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miss, who advice will despise,  
Nor the girl that's so foolish as to think herself wise,  
Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind :  
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude who in public will never be free,  
Yet in private for ever a toying will be,  
Nor coquette that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind :  
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Nor she who for pleasure her husband will slight,  
Nor the positive dame who thinks always she's right,  
Nor she who a dupe to the fashion's inclined :  
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

But the fair, with good nature, and carriage genteel,  
Who her husband can love and no secrets reveal,  
In whose breast I may virtue with modesty find :  
This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

THOMSON.

The good wife should resemble three things ; which three things she should not be like. First, she should resemble a snail—always keep within her own house ; but she should not be like a snail, to carry everything she has upon her back. Second, she should resemble an echo—to speak when she is spoken to ; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Third, she should resemble a town-clock—always keep in good time and regularity ; but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.



## DOMESTIC HEARTH.

**T**HERE is no rallying place for the affections so sweet as the domestic hearth. To be happy *there* is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which all our labour and enterprise tends, and towards which all our desires prompt the prosecution. How justly we can estimate a man's character by its development *there!* It is the Eden of our life, the well-planted garden, full of all precious herbs that tend to the health of our soul's life. Here are fostered the gentlest blossoms of our being, sheltered from all cold checks from the outer world. Here blooms the dearest love, and the wisest policy we can show is to make those who are near and dear to us feel that the old hearth at home is the happiest place in the world. Surely

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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this is one of the choicest gifts we can bestow on those who lovingly cluster around its warmth and light.

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That hallowed altar, the hearth of home.

ELIHU BURRITT.

In every relation of domestic life, whether nearer or more remote, if differences of opinion should arise, as sometimes they will unavoidably arise, few can have studied human nature so imperfectly as not to have discovered that the peaceful influence of the kind and gentle is more efficacious than the angry vehemence of the intemperate. Supposing that we feel, without any improper or unbecoming assumption of superiority, the painful conviction that the Christianity of our dearest and most intimate friends is defective. Be assured that men judge, in general, according to the Scriptural precept, *of the tree by its fruits.* The noiseless and unpretending exercise of the Christian virtues will work with tenfold greater force than the repeated argument or the earnest exhortation. Excepting, or scarcely perhaps excepting, the miracles wrought by our Lord and His apostles, the lives of the early Christians were the most effective means of the conversion of the world. The sudden change of so many of all orders from cruelty, and licentiousness, and

## *Domestic Hearth.*

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ungodliness, to humanity, to purity, to rational piety, through the blessed hope of everlasting life in Christ Jesus, was the great standing miracle of God's grace and power. It was the harmony, the peace, and the holiness of Christian families, which extorted by degrees the homage, and even at length the imitation, of mankind.

When it was seen how entirely Christian brethren became brethren ; how Christianity sanctified every natural duty, and warmed, as it were, the blood of kindred to each other ; how, wherever the ties of tender relationship existed, it wound them more closely around the heart, and when they were severed by inevitable death, spoke the consolatory assurance of a better and more enduring world, in which earthly attachments *might* revive for an eternal duration,—men began to acknowledge that they *hated* the Master and the faith alike, *without a cause*.

The promise made to the Christian not merely of the world that is to come, but of that likewise which now is, was not without clear and intelligible meaning. If, then, the members of a Christian family, instead of harassing each other with unnecessary disputation, would take the apostle's explicit advice, in 'provoking each other to good works ;' instead of vying in the knowledge of doubtful points, would vie in the exercise of the acknowledged Christian virtues,—we should not apprehend the possibility of the misapplication of our text. We say not that any point of Christian knowledge, or any part of religious practice, can be entirely unimportant, but we may say that there are few of such importance as for an instant to

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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demand the sacrifice of Christian love, Christian meekness, and Christian forbearance.

There are, even in the apostle's estimation, difficult and doubtful points in Christianity: there must be, till we have more than the understanding, and holiness as perfect as that of the angels. But it is impossible to misapprehend the meaning of the simple precepts in the apostolic writings, which enjoin both the particular relative duties of different ages and different classes of society, and the general spirit of meekness and charity, without which, though 'we understand all mysteries and all knowledge, though we give our body to be burned, it profiteth nothing.' That Christianity which, by any delusion, however apparently accordant with the language of Scripture, engenders in the heart a spirit of pride, and therefore of strife and dissension, belies its name, betrays its carnal origin. *Without natural affection*, was one of the marks by which the apostle noted the unconverted and unregenerate world. Where natural affection does not prevail, and prevail in the highest degree, we listen not to the Scriptural language which may be for ever upon the lips; we regard not the assertion of superior religious knowledge; we tremble rather than are convinced at the asserted or implied participation in the grace of God's Holy Spirit; and in so doing, we are assured that nature and the God of nature, the Law and the Gospel of Jesus Christ, excuse, or rather imperatively enforce, our apprehensions of the dangerous, the unrenewed condition of those hearts. 'He that loveth not his brother whom he

## *Domestic Hearth.*

hath seen,' says the apostle, 'how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' He who loveth not those who are more closely connected with him than by the ties of Christian brotherhood, how shall he pretend to Christian love either of man or of God?

Let us not consider the whole of Christianity to consist in those virtues which might and did exist before the revelation through Christ; but be assured that, without those virtues, our faith in Christ is barren and ineffective, and consequently our hope in Christ without reasonable ground or warrant. 'Where envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work; but the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace.' And if there be a thought which may hallow, as it were, the earnestness of family devotion; if a consideration which may heighten the consolations of the Gospel in the hour of severest trial, even in the last crisis of mortality, is it not the conviction that, as the members of a Christian family have embraced one faith, acknowledged one Lord, been baptized with one baptism, they may share in one hope, in one reliance for salvation on the same Redeemer; kindred in blood, kindred in affection, they may likewise be kindred in immortality?

'Behold,' says the Psalmist, 'how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' And how is the joy, the beauty, the sanctity of that unity, which in the Christian family may comprehend the most remote as well as the most intimate relations,—the faithful servant, the 'stranger that is within our gates,'—exalted

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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and amplified by the well-grounded trust, that the society commenced on earth may be perpetuated in heaven ; that the fellow-pilgrims who have shared each other's joys, borne each other's sorrows, assisted each other's steps along the dangerous wilderness of life, shall enter into the same rest : that the voices which have so often united in the daily prayer may also join in the hallelujah of thanksgiving before the throne of grace !

DEAN MILMAN.

Some persons, I know, estimate happiness by fine houses, gardens, and parks—others by pictures, horses, money, and various things wholly remote from their own species ; but when I wish to ascertain the real felicity of any rational man, I always inquire *whom he has to love*. If I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has—even in the midst of all his profusion of finery and grandeur, I pronounce him a being deep in adversity.

MRS. INCHBALD.

The man who lives in the midst of *domestic* relations will have many opportunities of conferring pleasure, minute in detail, yet not trivial in the amount, without interfering with the purposes of general benevolence. Nay, by kindling his sensibility, and harmonizing his soul, they may be expected, if he is endowed with a liberal and manly spirit, to render him more prompt in the service of strangers and the public.

GODWIN.

## *Domestic Hearth.*

Domestic love ! not in proud palace halls  
Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;  
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,  
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide,  
With hum of bees around, and from the side  
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring  
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed ;  
And many a bird to warble on the wing,  
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth  
doth fling.

Oh, love of loves !—to thy white hand is given  
Of earthly happiness the only key !

Thine are the joyous hours of winter even,  
When the babes cling around their father's knee ;  
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea  
Meets the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.

Spirit ! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,  
And on its altar closed, for ever closed, thy plume.

CROLY.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall !  
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,  
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee ! too infirm,  
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets  
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect  
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.  
Thou art the nurse of Virtue—in thine arms

### *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

She dwells, appearing, as in truth she is,  
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again !  
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,  
That reeling goddess with a zoneless waist  
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm  
Of Novelty, her fickle frail support :  
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,  
And finding, in the calm of truth-tried love,  
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.  
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made  
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown !

COWPER.

Oh, friendly to the best pursuits of man,  
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,  
Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd !

COWPER.

The domestic constitution is a divine institute. God formed it Himself. 'He taketh the solitary, and setteth him in families ;' and, like all the rest of His works, it is well and wisely done. It is, as a system of government, quite unique : neither below the heavens, nor above them, is there anything precisely like it. In some respects it resembles the civil government of a State ; in others, the ecclesiastical rule of a Church : and it is there that the Church and the State may be said to meet. 'This meeting, however, is only on a very small scale, and under very peculiar circumstances.' When directed as it

## *Domestic Hearth.*

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should be, every family has a sacred character, inasmuch as the head of it acts the part of both the prophet and the priest of the household, by instructing them in the knowledge and leading them in the worship of God ; while at the same time he discharges the duties of a king, by supporting a system of order, subordination, and discipline. Conformably with its nature is its design : beyond the benefit of the individuals which compose it, and which is its first and immediate object, it is intended to promote the welfare of the national community to which it belongs, and of which it is a part : hence every nation has stamped a great value on the family compact, and guarded it with the most powerful sanctions. Well-instructed, well-ordered, and well-governed families are the springs which, from their retirements, send forth the tributary streams that make up by their confluence the majestic flow of national greatness and prosperity : nor can any State be prosperous where family order and subordination are generally neglected ; nor otherwise than prosperous, whatever be its political forms, where they are generally maintained.

REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

She is happy in owing everything to man. That alone imparts a singular charm to the poor household. There, nothing is foreign or indifferent ; everything bears the stamp of a beloved hand, the seal of the heart. Man very often little knows the privations she endures, in order that, on his return, he may find his dwelling

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

modest, yet adorned. Great is the ambition of woman for the household clothes and linen. This last article is new ; the 'linen-closet,' the pride of his countrymen, was unknown to the wife of the town countryman before the revolution of industry. Cleanliness, purity, and modesty then enchanted the house ; the bed was surrounded with curtains ; the child's cradle dazzled with whiteness, became a paradise ; the whole cut out and sewed in a few evenings. Add, moreover, a flower to the window. What a surprise ! the husband, on his return, no longer knows his own home ! This taste for flowers which has spread, and this little expenditure to ornament the interior, are they not lamentable, when these people never know whether they may have any work on the morrow ? Call it not expenditure, rather economy. It is a very great one, if the innocent attractions of the wife render the house charming to the husband, and can keep him there. Let us ornament, I beseech, both the house and the wife.

MICHELET.

Lo, the sweet lark, high-poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—  
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—  
And drops at once into her nest.

GAY.

When thou art from me, every place is desert,  
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.

OTWAY.

## *Domestic Hearth.*

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You once remarked to me how time strengthens family affections, and indeed all early ones. Our feelings seem to be weary of travelling, and like to rest at home. They who tell me that men grow hard-hearted as they grow older, have a very limited view of this world of ours. It is true with those whose views and hopes are merely and vulgarly worldly ; but when human nature is not perished, time strengthens our kindly feelings, and abates our angry ones.

SOUTHEY.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination.

SHAKSPEARE

You never clasp'd her hand, nor knew how much  
Of cordial welcome lived in that light touch !  
Nor saw her with a fluttering swiftness come,  
And stand all radiant on the steps of home ;  
Her eager lips apart—her cheek and brow  
Suffused and rosy with a wakening glow,  
As though some inner flame began to burn,  
Greeting the festival of your return ;  
Some innocent lamp of gladness, newly lit,  
And she the priestess who attended it.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possessed !

SHAKSPEARE.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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And thou  
The star of home, who in thy gentleness  
On the harsh return of usurping man  
Benign enchantment canst so deeply smile—  
Soft as a dew-fall from the brow of eve,  
Or moonlight shedding beauty on the storm.

KNOWLES.

A husband I,  
Who with superior dignity, with reason  
And manly tenderness, will ever love her,  
Nor first a kneeling slave, and then a tyrant.

THOMSON.

Her sweet hands round thy head,  
In gracious fostering union garlanded,  
Her tremulous smiles, her glances sweet, recall  
Of love, her murmuring sighs memorial.  
Her mouth cull'd sweetness, by thy kisses did  
On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and so led  
Back to her mouth, which answers them for all.

What sweeter than these things, except the thing  
In lacking which all these would lose their sweet,—  
The confident heart's still fervour, the swift beat  
And lost subsidence of the spirit's wing ;  
Then when it feels, in cloud-girt wayfaring,  
The breath of kindred plumes against its feet.

ROSSETTI.

*Domestic Hearth.*

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My love, whose store of household sense  
Gives duty, golden recompense,  
And wins her goodness with defence.

WOOLNER.

>Your very dress shall captivate my heart.

OVID.

Nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON.

Her saintly patience doth not fail ;  
She keepeth watch till morn.

Day unto day her dainty hands  
Make life's soil'd temples clean,  
And there's a wake of glory where  
Her spirit pure hath been.  
At midnight through that shadow-land  
Her living face doth gleam ;  
The dying kiss her shadow, and  
The dead smile in their dream.

MASSEY.

Sweet the music of the step  
That meets us at the door.

DRAKE.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler grace,  
A sweeter temper, or a lovelier face,  
In works of female skill hath more command,  
Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.

HOMER.

Tell me a thing she cannot dress :  
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,  
Nought comes amiss, she is so wise.

LLOYD.

Notwithstanding our many faults, probably there is not a country in the world where the aggregate of social happiness is to be compared with ours ; and all this grows out of the virtues of home life. A family is a nation in miniature. A nation is a large family ; its social condition depends upon the homes that compose it. Imagine a neighbourhood where home virtues reign in every house, both the parents persons of eminent piety and goodness, and the 'children honour their father and their mother,' and servants 'show all good fidelity,'—what an air of blessedness would distinguish that place ! If the fathers were like Abraham, fearing God themselves, and commanding their children and households after them ; and the mothers had Sarah's eminent graces, without even her venial frailties ; if the sons were young men of exemplary virtue, like Joseph, Samuel, Daniel, or Timothy ; and the daughters as the sisters at Bethany whom Jesus loved,—it is im-

## *Domestic Hearth.*

possible to estimate the degree of pure and exalted happiness which such a community would attain. And why may not we? Home happiness is not one of those accidental privileges which fall into the lap we know not how. It is a thing that can be explained, and sought, and cultivated ; it springs from seeds that must be planted and watched over ; it is susceptible of injuries which can be guarded against ; it is liable to evils which, like hot and poisonous blasts, wither all home happiness to the root. It is immensely important to know what elements are essential to home happiness, and what things tend to cherish, injure, and destroy it.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

And what is right but means of happiness ?  
No means of happiness when virtue yields ;  
That basis failing, falls the building too,  
And lays in ruin every virtuous joy.

EDWARD YOUNG.

What a source of happiness !—a decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience, a good wife. Can anybody that has these be said to be unhappy ?

BURNS.

That state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required and necessities are not wanting.

PLUTARCH.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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High happiness is rather an imaginary picture than a reality. Health and peace, a moderate fortune, and a few select friends, sum up the chief articles of temporal felicity; if you would judge whether a man is happy, you must not think of his property and appearance, but inquire whether he is contented and habitually cheerful. The important question concerning happiness, is not what will yield us a few scattered pleasures, but what will render us most happy on the whole amount. As to the balance of happiness, it is preserved pretty equal amongst the different conditions and ranks of men; if the feelings of pleasure are more numerous in high life, so are also those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers and desires. If the middle rank, or the poor, are confined to a more narrow circle, yet their wants are less, and they have more real enjoyments. With respect to spiritual happiness, the grace of God and the forgiveness of sin are the chief articles; here we are at a certainty, for the Son of God hath removed the veil which covered true bliss from the search of wandering mortals, and has taught the way which also leads to eternal and complete happiness.

DR. BLAIR.

There are three principal reasons why so many do not enjoy as much happiness as they might. First, because they expect *too much* here below; many of the most pious and sensible have been contented, but no one ever said he was completely happy. If we have

### *Domestic Hearth.*

religion and wealth, two of the most likely things to make us comfortable, perhaps we want health of body; and if we even possess that, some enemies or relations trouble us: all this is designed to teach us that the world is not our home. Another thing that keeps us unhappy, is looking up with envy at those above us: we fancy others must be more happy, because they are more rich, more healthy, or have not so many enemies, though perhaps, if we knew all things respecting them, we would not change with them; but we should more frequently think of those below us, who are in hospitals, poorhouses, or prisons, that are either in extreme poverty, or blind, lame, dumb, insane, or under public disgrace. Lastly, we are frequently unhappy because we will not be satisfied with simplicity. The brute creation seem in general contented and happy; but man is not content with nature, but must have recourse to art and luxury to give him satisfaction; and if he has not as much of these as his neighbours or acquaintances, he seems to be determined to be unhappy. But let us consider how *few* are our real wants: if we have our liberty and any share of health, we have the principal requisites of natural happiness; and if, besides this, we have grace and the influence of the Spirit, we may be called happy persons.

DR. KNOX.

Mrs. Evelyn, the wife of the celebrated John Evelyn, presented a rare example of domestic character; possessing many accomplishments, and with her advantages of

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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person, fortune, and situation in life, she was not above 'the care of cakes, and stilling, and sweetmeats, and such useful things.' 'Women,' she says in one of her letters, 'were not born to read authors and censure the learned, to compare lives and judge of virtue, to give rules of morality, and sacrifice to the Muses. We are willing to acknowledge all time borrowed from family duties is misspent. The care of children's education, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to our friends, are of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities amongst us.' And again she says: 'Though I have lived under the same roof of the learned, and in the neighbourhood of science, it has had no other effect upon such a temper as mine but that of admiration, and that, too, when it is reduced to practice. I confess I am infinitely delighted to meet with in books the achievements of the heroes, the calmness of philosophers, and with the eloquence of orators; but what charms me irresistibly, is to see perfect resignation in the minds of men, let whatever happen adverse to them in their fortune: that is, being knowing, and truly wise; it confirms my belief in antiquity, and engages my persuasion of future perfection, without which it were vain to live.' In all the characters of child, wife, mother, and mistress, Mrs. Evelyn, quiet and unassuming as she was, shone forth pre-eminently.

All beauty, both natural and artificial, begins to fade

## *Domestic Hearth.*

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and languish after a short acquaintance with it ; novelty is a never-failing requisite : we look down with indifference and contempt upon what we comprehend easily, and are ever aiming at and pursuing such objects as are but just within the compass of our present faculties. What is it now that we ought to learn from this dissatisfaction to look behind us, and tendency to press forward ? from this endless grasping after infinity ? Is it not that the infinite Author of all things has so framed our faculties, that nothing less than Himself can be an adequate object for them ?—that it is in vain to hope for full and lasting satisfaction from anything finite, however great and glorious, since it will itself teach us to conceive and desire something still more so ?—that as nothing can give us more than a transitory delight, if its relation to God be excluded ; so everything, when considered as the production of His infinite wisdom and goodness, will gratify our utmost expectations, since we may in this view see that everything has infinite uses and excellencies ? There is not an atom, perhaps, in the whole universe, which does not abound with millions of molecules ; and conversely, this great system of the sun, planets, and fixed stars may be no more than a single constituent particle of some body of an immense relative magnitude, etc. We may also say, there is not a moment of time so short, but it may include millions of ages in the estimation of some beings ; and, conversely, the largest cycle which human art is able to invent may be no more than the twinkling of an eye in that of others, etc. The

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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infinite divisibility and extent of space and time, admit of such infinities upon infinities, ascending and descending, as make the imagination giddy when it attempts to survey them. But however this be, we may be sure that the true system of things is infinitely more transcendent in greatness and goodness than any description or condition of ours can make it ; and that the voice of nature is an universal chorus of joy and transport, in which the least and vilest, according to common estimation, bear a proper part, as well as those whose present superiority over them appears indefinitely great, and may bear an equal one in the true and ultimate ratio of things. And thus the consideration of God gives a relish and lustre to speculations which are otherwise dry and unsatisfactory, or which perhaps would confound and terrify. Thus we may learn to rejoice in everything we see, in the blessings past, present, and future, which we receive either in our own persons or in those of others.

HARTLEY.

If wee truly examine the difference of both conditions, to wit of the rich and mighty, whom wee call fortunate, and of the poore and oppressed, whom wee count wretched, wee shall finde the happinesse of the one and the miserable estate of the other so tied by God to the very instant, and both so subject to enterchange (witnesse the sodaine downefall of the greatest princes, and the speedy uprising of the meanest persons), as the one hath nothing so certaine whereof to boast, nor the other so uncertaine where-

## *Domestic Hearth.*

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of to bewaile it selfe. For there is no man so assured of his honour, of his riches, health, or life, but that hee may be deprived of either, or all, the very next houre or day to come. And yet yee cannot tell, saith Saint James, what shall be on the morrow. To-day hee is set up, and to-morrow he shall not be found ; for he is turned into dust, and his purpose perisheth. And although the aire which compasseth adversitie be very obscure, yet therein wee better discerne God than in that shining light which environeth worldly glorie, through which, for the clearenesse thereof, there is no vanitie which escapeth our sight. And let adversitie seeme what it will ; to happy men ridiculous, who make themselves merry at other men's misfortunes ; and to those under the crosse grievous ; yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant he portions remaining are equal to either. For, be it that wee have lived many years, and, according to Solomon, 'in them all we have rejoyced ;' or, be it that we have measured the same length of daies and therein have evermore sorrowed ; yet, looking backe from our present being, we finde both the one and the other—to wit, the joy and the woe—sailed out of sight ; and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chace from our infancie, hath gathered it. ' Whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it.' So as, whosoever hee be to whom fortune hath beene a servant, and the time a friend, let him but take the accompt of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and truly examine what it hath reserved, eyther of beauty and youth, or foregone delights ;

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous spring-time gaue his thoughts contentment, than vnualuable, and hee shall finde that all the art which his elder yeares have, can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions than heavy, secret, and sad sighes. Hee shall finde nothing remaining but those sorrowes which grow up after our fast-springing youth, overtake it when it is at a stand, and overtop it utterly when it begins to wither: insomuch as, looking backe from the very instant time, and from our now being, the poore diseased and captive creature hath as little sence of all his former miseries and paines, as he that is most blessed, in common opinion, hath of his forepast pleasures and delights. For whatsoever is cast behinde us, is just nothing ; and what is to come, deceitful hope hath it. Only those few black swannes<sup>1</sup> I must except, who, having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their oun price, doe, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well-acted life, and trusting in Christ, behold death without dread and the grave without feare, and embrace both as necessary guides to endless glory.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

God, with all His omnipotence, can no otherwise make us happy than by connecting Himself with us ; and this connection can no way be formed but by our depend-

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<sup>1</sup> An allusion to an ancient proverb, 'As rare as a black swan.'

## *Domestic Hearth.*

ence on Him. And this dependence can no way be made but by our confidence in Him ; by feeling that in ourselves, in the world around us, there is neither footing nor hold to save us from sinking for ever ; and by catching at God alone for the support of that existence which His bounty bestowed. . . . Since God, therefore, cannot communicate happiness to one who refuses to trust in His goodness, or to repose upon His power ; where He is peculiarly favourable, He blesses him with all sorts of crosses and disappointments. He breaks under him all the props of worldly confidence. He snatches from him the helps on which his hopes had laid hold ; that in the instant of sinking he may catch at his Creator, and throw himself on the bosom of that infinite benevolence.

H. BROOKE.

There is in life no blessing like affection's home—  
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,  
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven :  
Life has naught else that may supply its place.

L. E. LANDON.

I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind ; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or in-

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

dignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things, to relish that share which is allotted to himself.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

Happiness can be built on virtue alone, and must of necessity have truth for its foundation.

COLERIDGE.

Common happiness is sustained, not by great exertions, which are in the power of a few, and happen rarely even to them, but by great numbers doing every one a little, every one something in his particular province, to his particular neighbourhood. This is the way in which Providence intended society to be carried on, and beneficence to be exercised.

PALEY.

Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware  
All joys but joys that never can expire.

Who builds on less than an immortal base,  
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

YOUNG.

Happiness depends on the prudent constitution of the habits ; and it is the business of religion, not so much to extinguish our desires, as to regulate and direct them to valuable, well-chosen objects.

PALEY.

*Domestic Hearth.*

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The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman ; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man ; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

LANDOR.

Even felicity, unless it moderate itself, oppresseth.

SENECA.

Into the composition of every happiness enters the thought of having deserved it.

JOUBERT.

Happiness is the only thing of real value in existence ; neither riches, nor power, nor wisdom, nor learning, nor strength, nor beauty, nor virtue, nor religion, nor even life, being of any importance but as they contribute to its production.

JENVNS.

We have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise ; and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

GOLDSMITH.

All who joy would win  
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

BYRON.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

Consistent Wisdom ever wills the same ;  
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.  
Sick of herself is Folly's character,  
As Wisdom's is a modest self-applause.  
A change of evils is thy good supreme ;  
Nor but in motion canst thou find thy rest.  
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still :  
The first sure symptom of a mind in health  
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.  
False Pleasure from abroad her joys imports ;  
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd the true ;  
The true is fix'd and solid as a rock ;  
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing as the wave ;  
'Tis love o'erflowing makes an angel here ;  
Such angels all, entitled to repose  
On Him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,  
Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n !  
To lean on Him on whom archangels lean !  
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,  
They stand collecting every beam of thought,  
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;  
For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old  
In Israel's dream, come from and go to heaven.

YOUNG.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained.

HAWTHORNE.

*Domestic Hearth.*

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Though you may look to your understanding for amusement, it is to the affections that we must trust for happiness. These imply a spirit for self-sacrifice ; and often our virtues, like our children, are endeared to us by what we suffer for them. Remember, too, that conscience, even when it fails to govern our conduct, can disturb our peace of mind. Yes, it is neither paradoxical nor merely poetical to say, ‘that, seeking others’ good, we find our own.’

SHARPE.

Superior wisdom is superior bliss.

YOUNG.

The soul’s calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

POPE.

An hour like this is worth a thousand passed  
In pomp or ease—’tis present to the last !  
Years glide away untold—’tis still the same ;  
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came !

ROGERS.

O mortals, whither are you hurrying ? What are you about ? Why do you tumble up and down, wretches, like blind men ? You are going a wrong way, and have forsaken the right. You seek prosperity and happiness in a wrong place, where it is not. It is not in body ; if you do not believe me, look upon Myro,—look upon

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

Ofellius. It is not in wealth ; if you do not believe me, look upon Crœsus,—look upon the rich of the present age, how full of lamentation their life is. It is not in power ; for otherwise they who have been twice or thrice consuls must be happy ; but they are not.

EPICETUS.

How sweet is his smile in whose countenance Heaven lieth !

FLEMING.

*E.* You say, if I mistake not, that a wise man pursues only his own private interest ; and that this consists only in sensual pleasure : for proof whereof you appeal to nature. Is not this what you advance ?

*L.* It is.

*E.* You conclude, therefore, that as other animals are guided by natural instinct, man too ought to follow the dictates of sense and appetite.

*L.* I do.

*E.* But in this, do you not argue as if man had only sense and appetite for his guides ? on which supposition there might be truth in what you say. But what if he hath intellect, reason, a higher instinct, and a nobler life ? If this be the case, and you, being a man, live like a brute, is it not the way to be defrauded of your true happiness—to be mortified and disappointed ? Take a hog from his ditch or dunghill, lay him on a rich bed, treat him with sweetmeats, and music, and perfumes : all

### *Domestic Hearth.*

---

these things will be no amusement to him. You can easily conceive that the sort of life which makes the happiness of a mole or a bat would be a very wretched one for an eagle. And may you not as well conceive that the happiness of a brute can never constitute the true happiness of a man?

BISHOP BERKELEY.

We barbarously call those bless'd  
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,  
While swelling coffers break their owner's rest.

More truly happy those that can  
Govern the little empire, man ;  
Bridle their passions, and direct their will  
Thro' all the glitt'ring paths of charming Ill ;  
Who in a fix'd, unalterable state,  
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,  
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate ;  
Who poison less than falsehood fear,  
Loth to purchase life so dear ;  
But kindly for their friend embrace their death.

HORACE.

And seal their country's love with their departing  
breath.

No happiness can be where is no rest,  
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of man is only blest.  
He, as in some safe cliff, his cell does keep,  
From thence he views the labours of the deep ;

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

---

The gold-fraught vessel which mad tempests beat,  
He sees now vainly make to his retreat,  
And when from far the tenth wave does appear,  
Shrinks up in silent joy that he's not there.

DRYDEN.

In wishing nothing we enjoy still most,  
For ev'n our wish is in possession lost:  
Restless we wander to a new desire,  
And burn ourselves by blowing up the fire.  
We toss and turn about our fev'rish will,  
When all our ease must come by lying still :  
For all the happiness mankind can gain,  
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.

DRYDEN.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall !

COWPER.

Happiness is no other than soundness and perfection  
of mind.

ANTONINUS.

Expect not perfect happiness below,  
No heavenly plants on earthly soils can grow ;  
With vain pursuits fatigued, at length you'll find  
No place excludes it from a pious mind.

H. MORE.

*Domestic Hearth.*

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There must be some mixture of happiness in everything but sin.

SIGOURNEY.

Happiness is unrepented pleasure.

SOCRATES.

It's no in titles nor in rank,  
It's no in wealth like London bank,  
    To purchase peace and rest ;  
It's no in makin' muckle mair,  
It's no' in books, it's no' in lear,  
    To make us truly blest :  
If happiness hae not her seat  
    And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
    But never can be blest.

BURNS.

The more we limit and concentrate happiness, the more certain we are of securing it. They who widen the circle encroach upon the boundaries of danger, and they who freight their wealth upon a thousand vessels are more liable to the peril of the winds and waves than they who venture it only upon one.

DEVEREUX.

We ride and sail in quest of happiness.

CREECH.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

He is the happy man whose life e'en now  
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;  
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,  
Is pleased with it, and were he free to choose,  
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace the  
fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one  
Content indeed to sojourn while he must  
Below the skies, but having there his home.

COWPER.

Our happiness is a sacred deposit, for which we must give account ; a serene and amiable temper is among its most efficient preservatives.

SIGOURNEY.

Thoughts are the flowers from which we must distil the essential flavourings of life. Paul and Silas sing in the stocks because their minds are at ease, while Herod frets on his throne because conscience makes him a coward. The soul of Linnæus exults within him at the sight of a common all golden with blooming gorse, while many a millionaire has roamed amid his gardens and conservatories, and found no joy amid them all. A crust of bread from one heart brings a song ; from another, a thousand acres of ripening grain can produce no thanksgiving. Alexander, according to the old classic tale, sits down to weep over a conquered world ;

## *Domestic Hearth.*

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while many a peasant who has not a foot of ground to call his own rejoices in tribulation, and glories in reproach. Our weal or woe is the outgrowth of seeds germinating within, not of branches which from without run over the wall. Happiness lies not in the outward, but in the inward: the fairest garden is that whose walks and arbours are in the secret of the soul; the richest and most mellow fruits are not plucked from the trees of the orchard, but are ripened within the spirit.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Happiness is the fruit of a man's own care and industry; as it consists in the goodness of his dispositions, his inclinations, and his actions.

ANTONINUS.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

ADAM CLARKE.

Happiness is reflected like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyments, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The most happy man is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life.

GOETHE.

*The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

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Our aim is happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,  
He said ; 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;  
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained.  
But they the widest wander from the mark,  
Who thro' the flowery paths of sauntering joy  
Seek this coy goddess.

ARMSTRONG.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.

ANTONINUS.

In order to be happy in any high degree, we must abandon ourselves, according to the will of God, and after the pattern of His Son, to the temporal and spiritual benefits of mankind.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

To be happy is not only to be freed from the pains and diseases of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit ; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience and tranquillity of mind.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher grounds,—he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.

LANDOR.

*Domestic Hearth.*

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Would you be happy, be the thing you seem,  
And since you now possess the world's esteem ;  
Nor yet to others too much credit give,  
But in your own opinion learn to live ;  
For know the bliss in our own judgment lies,  
And none are happy but the good and wise.

HORACE.

True happiness is to no one spot confined ;  
If you preserve a firm and constant mind,  
'Tis here, 'tis everywhere.

WYNNE.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to  
deserve happiness.

FICHTE.

Solomon says : 'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.' I would add, Do not try the experiment. He is a foolish man who, on a trackless common in a dark night, tries how strong a gust of wind his lamp will bear ; but he is a still more foolish man who tries how strong a gust of bad temper the lamp of love in his wife's heart will bear without being blown out. It is very sad when a steamer, on a rough sea, and with the wind contrary, has her fires put out ; but far worse off than the unlucky steamer is the married man who, by the cruel waters of sheer neglect, has quenched the love that was once his life and joy, his strength and hope.

## *The Way to Woo and Win a Wife.*

Doubtless they do well who pray alone ; they do better who, besides this, join morning and evening with children and servants in family worship ; they do best who, in addition to all this, at eventide, when the day's work is done, kneel together more or less frequently, and by turns make known unto God their requests by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving. Prayer is one of the strongest bands of Love. Devotion is affection's golden girdle. Pray so that you may love, and all day long love so that, when eventide comes, your prayers may not be hindered. And as ye two kneel together and pray for each other and for your children, call to mind the precious and significant words of the Lord Jesus : ' If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.'

BUSH.





A FEW THINGS MY WIFE, WHEN WON, WILL  
LIKE ME TO OBSERVE AND DO.

I THINK I can read life's most blessed dream of married life, which can be realized by a kind and loving observance of the many good things which Providence has placed in our reach. Surely wealth is not all. Content, and the acceptance of our position, is one great source of continued peace and joy. Where this is found, every flower in our garden is more divine as it blooms in the ambient air. Content and love shed a halo that mellows and glorifies with a sweet spiritual glow all our possessions.

Your snug hearth will then be the sweet resting-place where, in the winter evening, you may pore over many a page, inheriting the rich treasures of thought, suggestive

## *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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and inexhaustible, of many an illustrious mind. And anon you will have the dearer interchange of loving household words, that true melody of hearts, the tender sympathy, sweet smile, and graceful attention which are so captivating. These, when united with love and softness of manners, are more than money can give or beauty inspire. I hold that kindly behaviour after marriage is the true fruition of courtship.

Again, you will attend to that inestimable blessing, health; for without *that*, life is saddened and the mind distorted. You will look well to sustain your reputation, that glory which shines around a good man's head, and whose reflected beams gladden the whole house. By careful and conscientious study and observance you will continually add to your store of knowledge, thereby fitting yourself more and more to be the companion, friend, and guide of her you love. No day should pass without stamping upon it some good work. Such good deeds are ever pleasant and refreshing in the present, as well as when past; and by every daily act thus endeavour to show how highly you prize *that loved one* who has consented to take you as her true knight, to guard and counsel her in her pilgrimage through life.

The few observations which follow tend to this end, touching as they do upon several phases of life garnered from the works of the known great and the great unknown.

Life, if life is rightly lived,  
Is one long orison. All faculties,

## *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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Employed as God would have them used, are steps  
Upon the stairs by which man climbs to heaven,  
For 'laborare' is 'orare' too.

Pray ever, and work ever. Say at morn,  
'Thy will be done, for it is good,'—and so  
Go forth more apt to do it :—say at eve,  
'Thy will be done, for it is good,'—and so  
Sleep fearless with that saying. Prayer and Sin  
Fight in no holiday-tourney, ever locked  
In mortal grapple :—Prayer must strangle Sin,  
Or Sin will strangle Prayer.

*Morning.*—1. To lift up the heart to God in thankfulness for renewing my life. 2. To renew my covenant with God in Christ, by renewed acts of faith receiving Christ, and rejoicing in the height of that relation, and by resolution of being one of His people, doing Him allegiance. 3. Adoption and prayer. 4. Setting a watch over my own infirmities and passions, over the snares laid in our way. *Perimus licitis.*

*Day Employment.*—There must be an employment of two kinds: 1. Our ordinary calling: to serve God in it. It is a service to Christ, though ever so mean (Col. iii.). Here, faithfulness, diligence, cheerfulness. Not to overlay myself with more business than I can bear. 2. Our spiritual employments: mingle somewhat of God's immediate service in this day.

*Refreshments.*—1. Meat and drink; moderation seasoned with somewhat of God. 2. Recreations: (1.) Not our

*Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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business. (2.) Suitable. No games, if given to covetousness or passion.

*If alone.*—1. Beware of wandering, vain, and lustful thoughts; fly from thyself rather than entertain these. 2. Let thy solitary thoughts be profitable: view the evidences of thy salvation,—the state of thy soul,—the coming of Christ,—thy own mortality; it will make thee humble and watchful.

*Company.*—Do good to them. Use God's name reverently. Beware of leaving an ill impression by ill example. Receive good from them if more knowing.

*Evening.*—Cast up the accounts of the day. If ought be amiss, beg pardon. Gather resolution of more vigilance. If well, bless the mercy and grace of God that hath supported thee.

SIR M. HALE.

1. Remember that we are all subject to failings and infirmities of one kind or other.

2. Bear with, and not magnify, each other's infirmities.

3. Pray one for another.

4. Avoid going from house to house, for the purpose of hearing news, interfering with other persons' business.

5. Always turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report, and lay no charge brought against any person until well founded.

6. If your wife be in fault, tell her of it in private.

7. Watch against a shyness of each other, and put the best construction on any action that has the appearance of opposition or resentment.

*Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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8. Observe the just rule of Solomon, that is, to leave off contention before it be meddled with.

9. If your wife has offended, consider how Godlike it is to forgive, and how unlike a husband to revenge.

10. Remember that it is always a grand artifice of the devil to promote distance and animosity between husband and wife ; we should therefore watch against everything that furthers his end.

11. Consider how much more good we can do in the world at large when united in love, than when acting alone, and indulging a contrary spirit.

12. Lastly, consider the express injunctions of Scripture, and the beautiful example of Christ as to these important things.

Oh, Thou who sitt'st enthroned all heaven above,  
Thou God of glory, and Thou God of love !  
Father of all, at whose omnific word  
Creation bows, and owns her sovereign Lord !  
Who rul'st all worlds with undisputed sway ;  
Whose throne is heaven ; who dwell'st in perfect day !  
Clothed as in garments of immortal light,  
For mortal eyes to gaze too dazzling bright !  
Whose potent nod, Thy ministers of State,  
The flaming fires of heaven in silence wait ;  
Whose holy will is done by all above ;  
Whose firm decrees no human power can move ;  
Who on the wings of whirlwind and of storm  
Rid'st forth in majesty, and dost perform

## *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

Whate'er Thou wilt, through all the earth abroad,  
And hell beneath—the wonder-working God !  
Who wast, and art, and ever still shall be !  
Omnipotence ! and dread Infinity !  
But who hast magnified o'er all Thy name,  
Thy grace, which through all ages is the same ;  
Whose tender pity and unbounded love,  
Rising the terrors of Thy wrath above,  
Gave up the eternal Son of Thy delight,  
And on Him bade the sword of vengeance light,  
That man might live ; that rebel man might rise  
From hell, to bliss immortal in the skies.  
O Thou, whose love can never know an end,  
Whose mercy hath no bounds, *be Thou my Friend* ;  
Saviour of earth, whose unexampled grace  
Moved Thee to leave Thy heavenly dwelling-  
place ;  
Redeemer of mankind, who diedst to save  
Thy chosen people from the yawning grave ;  
Friend of the lost, whose love is strong as death,  
And deeper than the vast profound beneath ;  
Though ever varying is Thy people's frame,  
Thy soothing sympathy is still the same ;  
In life, in death, in gladness and distress,  
Firm is Thy friendship, constant is Thy grace ;  
Thou Brother, born for sorrow's thickest might,  
Thy people's joy in woe—in darkness light !  
Whose kind compassion never knows an end ;  
Whose merit has no bounds—*be Thou my Friend.*

*Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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O Thou, the sacred source of light divine,  
Who on the human heart dost deign to shine,  
And pour a flood of radiance on the gloom  
Of nature, darker than the dreary tomb ;  
Whose power alone can melt the stubborn  
heart ;  
Whose grace alone can heal the spirit's smart ;  
Whose influence, gentle as the falling rain  
Descending slowly on the thirsty plain,  
And secret, sudden, as the passing wind,  
That comes and goes, yet leaves no trace behind ;  
Unseen, but felt, diffusing through the breast  
The peace of God, which cannot be express'd ;  
Spirit of purity, and bliss, and love ;  
Joy of the Church below, and Church above ;  
Consoler, Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide !—  
O let Thine influence with my soul abide !  
And through the ages that will never end,  
My deathless spirit bless ;—*be Thou my Friend !*  
Holy, and glorious, and blessed Three,  
Who only dwell'st in immortality,  
One God supreme, unrivall'd and alone,  
O hear a suppliant bending at Thy throne !  
Let earth and all its vaunted pleasures go ;  
Give me Thyself, Thy wondrous love to know ;  
Be Thou my Friend, my lasting portion be,  
And let my soul Thy great salvation see :  
Then may the world, with all its glittering charms,  
In vain allure me to its treacherous arms ;

*Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

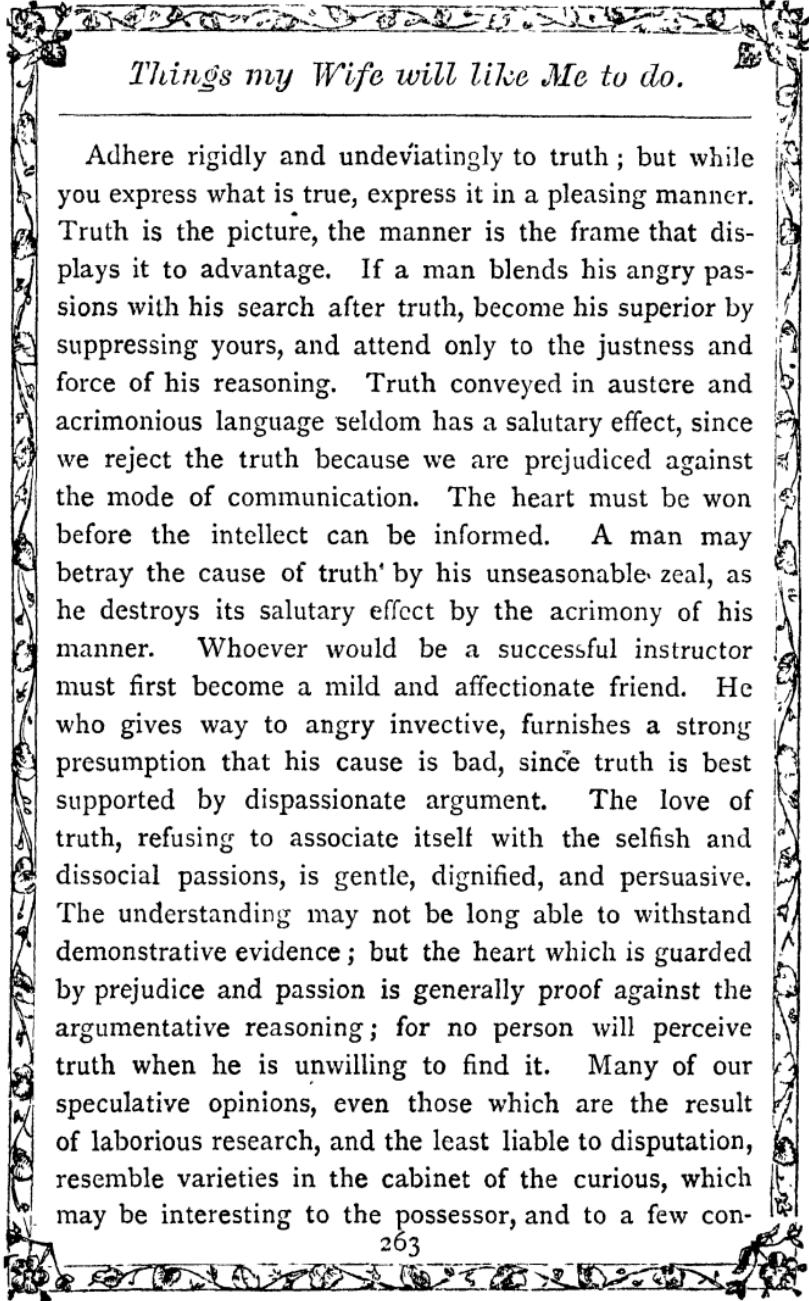
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Then shall its wealth and honours be forgot,—  
Content, however humble be my lot :  
Enough for me to speak Thy grace abroad,  
And be, as Abraham was, '*the friend of God.*'

REV. THOS. BINNEY.

Poor persons, who have but one apartment, may enter into the spirit of the Saviour's direction by praying wherever they can be retired. Isaac's closet was a field. He went out to meditate in the field at eventide. David's closet was his bed-chamber. 'Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.' Our Lord's closet was a mountain. 'When He had sent the multitude away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come He was there alone.' Peter's closet was on the house-top. Peter 'went upon the house-top to pray, about the sixth hour.' Hezekiah's closet was turning his face towards the wall, and praying unto the Lord.

Real wants are few, imaginary ones innumerable ; a real want is cheaply satisfied, but a useless vanity is very costly. To contract the desires, is the grand principle of human happiness : when once the rein is given to the desire of superfluities, we know no end. The gratification of one inordinate pursuit paves the way for another ; and no sooner is the present vain wish indulged, than a future imaginary necessity arises, equally importunate.



## *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth ; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth conveyed in austere and acrimonious language seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend. He who gives way to angry invective, furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive. The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence ; but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion is generally proof against the argumentative reasoning ; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it. Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble varieties in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few con-

*Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

genial minds, but which are of no use to the world. Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and in a future age their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they retain a hold no longer on the prejudices and passions of mankind.

What is truth?—a fadeless flower ;  
A tree, whose fruit has vital power ;  
A spring, whose waters sweetly roll ;  
A fire, which purifies the soul ;  
A mirror, without spot and bright ;  
A compass, always pointing right ;  
A balance, having no defect ;  
A sword, to punish and protect ;  
A rock, immoveably secure ;  
A way, which leads to joys most pure ;  
A glorious sun, which ever shines :  
It is, in short (nor say we more),  
The TRIUNE GOD—whom we adore !

The constant habit of Bishop Butler to forgive the injuries done to him, led one of his friends to write the following lines after his death, which must be considered the more beautiful as being true :—

‘Some write their wrongs in marble—he, more just,  
Stoop’d down serene, and wrote them in the dust,

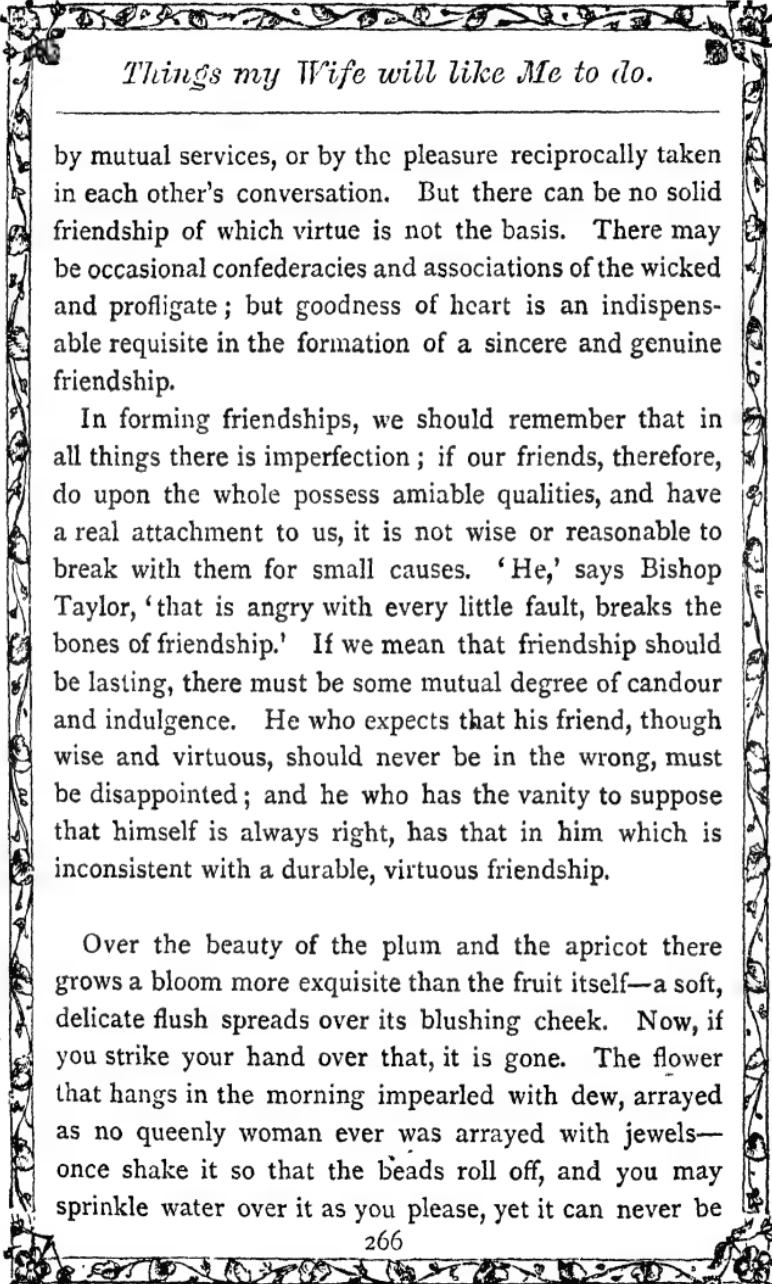
## *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

Trod under foot ; the sport of every wind,  
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind ;  
There, buried in the dust, he bade them lie,  
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty's eye.'

Ill-natured deeds are very rare when compared with ill-natured words ; in short, the proportion of the deeds to the words is as Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to his monstrous quantity of sack. It would be a shrewdly good bargain for the world to agree that ill-natured *deeds* should be multiplied by ten, if only the ill-natured *words* were to be diminished by one-half ; for, though the *deed* may be a much larger and more potent thing than the *word*, it often does not give nearly as much pain. *Dependants* would gain very much by this bargain, for they seldom suffer much from deeds, but a great deal from words. Many a man goes through life scattering ill-natured remarks in all directions, who has never done to his knowledge an ill-natured deed, and who probably considers himself a very good-natured fellow, but one, however, who takes a knowing view of all human beings and of all human affairs, and is not to be imposed upon by anything or anybody.

True friendship is like sound health ; the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

We are often led to the choice of friends by a similarity of taste or of manners ; and such friendship is increased



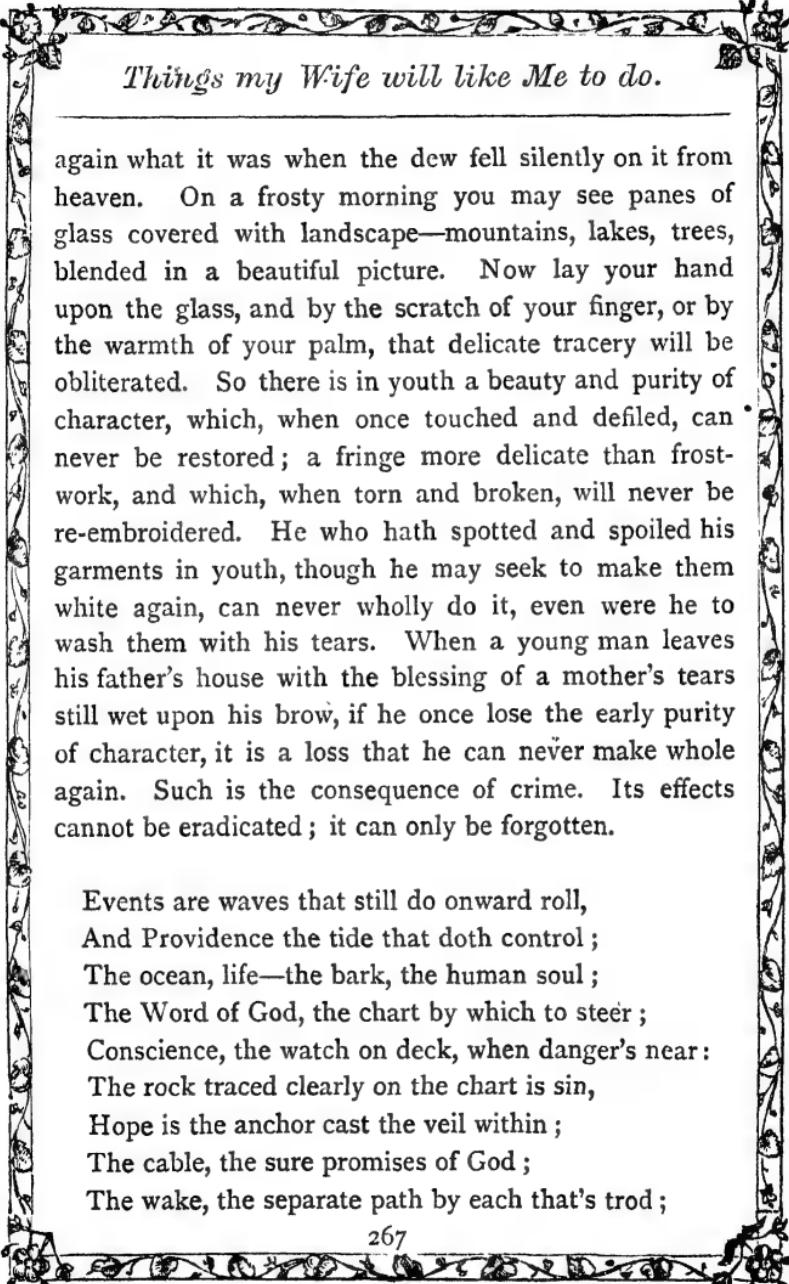
### *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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by mutual services, or by the pleasure reciprocally taken in each other's conversation. But there can be no solid friendship of which virtue is not the basis. There may be occasional confederacies and associations of the wicked and profligate ; but goodness of heart is an indispensable requisite in the formation of a sincere and genuine friendship.

In forming friendships, we should remember that in all things there is imperfection ; if our friends, therefore, do upon the whole possess amiable qualities, and have a real attachment to us, it is not wise or reasonable to break with them for small causes. 'He,' says Bishop Taylor, 'that is angry with every little fault, breaks the bones of friendship.' If we mean that friendship should be lasting, there must be some mutual degree of candour and indulgence. He who expects that his friend, though wise and virtuous, should never be in the wrong, must be disappointed ; and he who has the vanity to suppose that himself is always right, has that in him which is inconsistent with a durable, virtuous friendship.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush spreads over its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be



### *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscape—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. He who hath spotted and spoiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon his brow, if he once lose the early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgotten.

Events are waves that still do onward roll,  
And Providence the tide that doth control ;  
The ocean, life—the bark, the human soul ;  
The Word of God, the chart by which to steer ;  
Conscience, the watch on deck, when danger's near :  
The rock traced clearly on the chart is sin,  
Hope is the anchor cast the veil within ;  
The cable, the sure promises of God ;  
The wake, the separate path by each that's trod ;

*Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

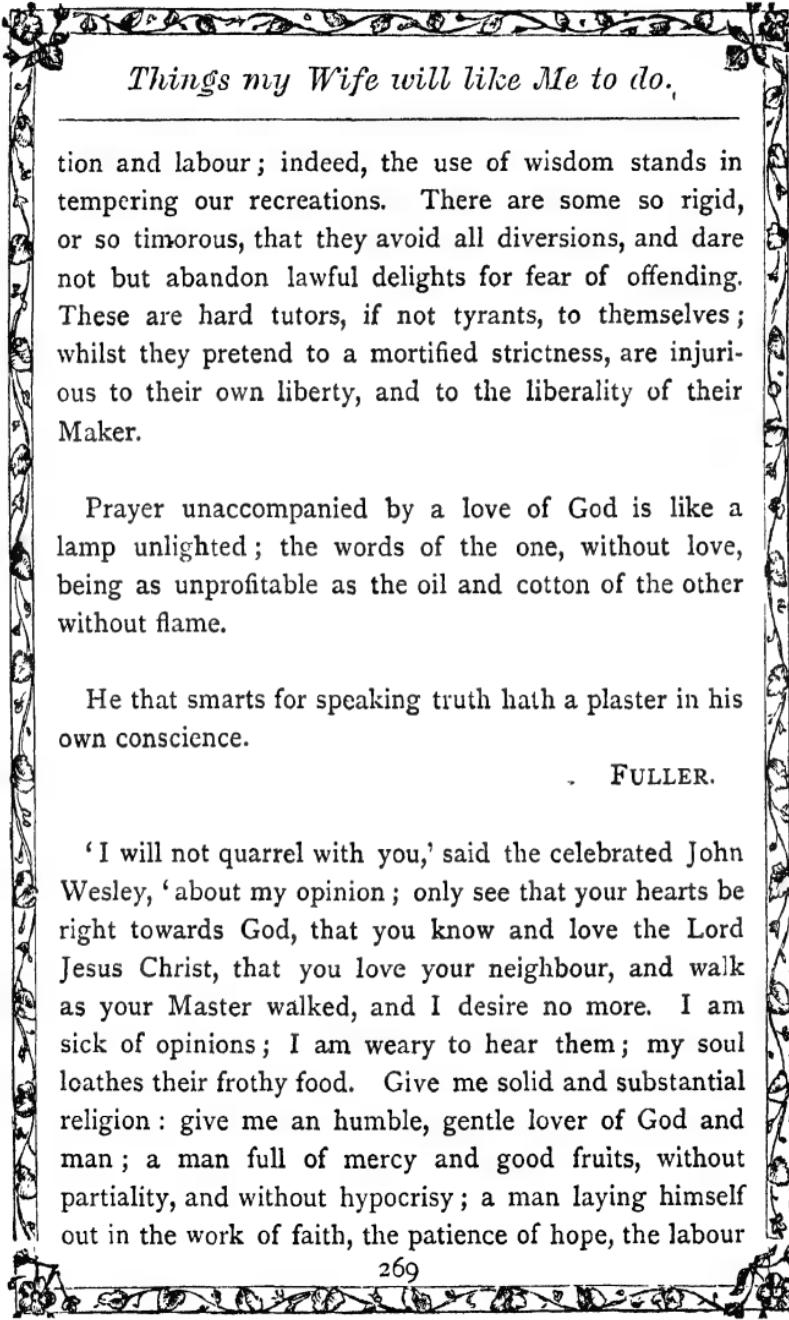
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Reason the rudder, faith the magnet true,  
And heaven the harbour to be kept in view ;  
Jesus, as pilot, at the helm doth stand,  
The Spirit is the breeze that wafts to land ;  
The sails to catch the breeze, the means of grace ;  
The masts, occasions given for their embrace ;  
Our days to number, is the log to heave,  
Our age the rate of vessels through the wave ;  
Life's pulse the line, the water's depth to find ;  
The crew, the thoughts and feelings of the mind ;  
The freight, of holy tempers rich supplies,  
Intended for the market of the skies ;  
Death the last billow, soon to break on shore ;  
Eternity the coast, where time's no more.

Recreation should be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful. If your life be sedentary, let it tend to the exercise of your body ; if active, to the refreshing of your mind. Its use is to strengthen your labour, and sweeten your rest.

How happy are those who have obtained the important victory of conquering their passions !—after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope ; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief ; but walks on calmly through the tumults or the privacies of life, as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or stormy sky.

Recreation of some sort is absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant atten-



*Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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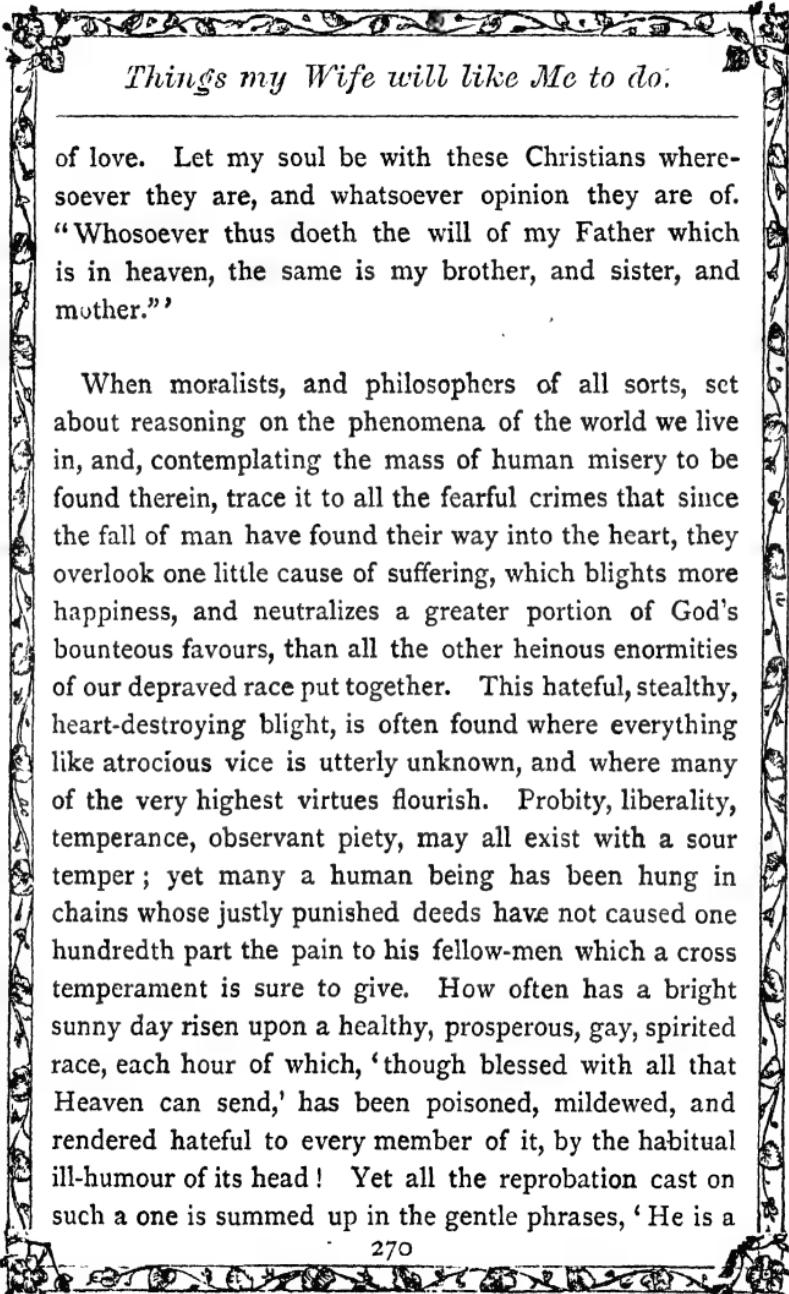
tion and labour ; indeed, the use of wisdom stands in tempering our recreations. There are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not but abandon lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves ; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, are injurious to their own liberty, and to the liberality of their Maker.

Prayer unaccompanied by a love of God is like a lamp unlighted ; the words of the one, without love, being as unprofitable as the oil and cotton of the other without flame.

He that smarts for speaking truth hath a plaster in his own conscience.

— FULLER.

‘I will not quarrel with you,’ said the celebrated John Wesley, ‘about my opinion ; only see that your hearts be right towards God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbour, and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions ; I am weary to hear them ; my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion : give me an humble, gentle lover of God and man ; a man full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy ; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labour

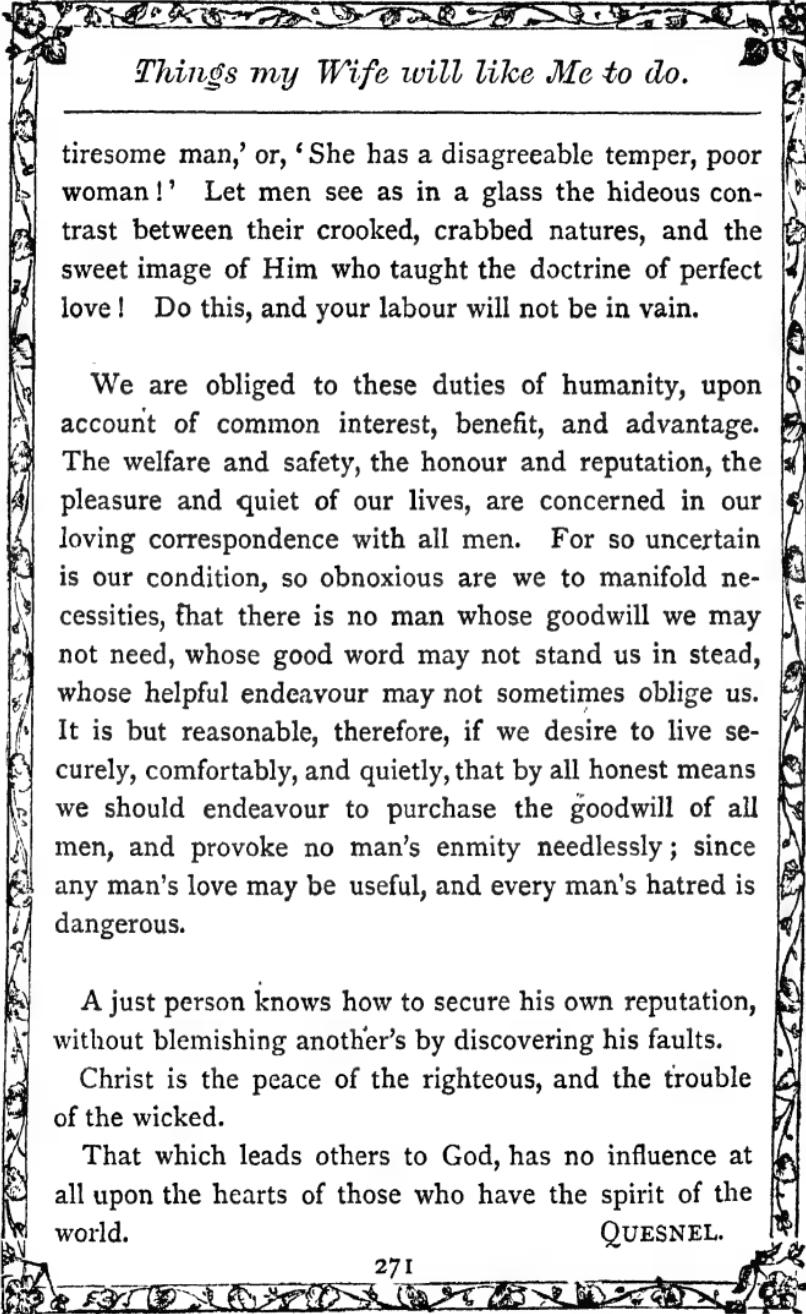


### *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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of love. Let my soul be with these Christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of. "Whosoever thus doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

When moralists, and philosophers of all sorts, set about reasoning on the phenomena of the world we live in, and, contemplating the mass of human misery to be found therein, trace it to all the fearful crimes that since the fall of man have found their way into the heart, they overlook one little cause of suffering, which blights more happiness, and neutralizes a greater portion of God's bounteous favours, than all the other heinous enormities of our depraved race put together. This hateful, stealthy, heart-destroying blight, is often found where everything like atrocious vice is utterly unknown, and where many of the very highest virtues flourish. Probity, liberality, temperance, observant piety, may all exist with a sour temper; yet many a human being has been hung in chains whose justly punished deeds have not caused one hundredth part the pain to his fellow-men which a cross temperament is sure to give. How often has a bright sunny day risen upon a healthy, prosperous, gay, spirited race, each hour of which, 'though blessed with all that Heaven can send,' has been poisoned, mildewed, and rendered hateful to every member of it, by the habitual ill-humour of its head! Yet all the reprobation cast on such a one is summed up in the gentle phrases, 'He is a



### *Things my Wife will like Me to do.*

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tiresome man,' or, 'She has a disagreeable temper, poor woman!' Let men see as in a glass the hideous contrast between their crooked, crabbed natures, and the sweet image of Him who taught the doctrine of perfect love! Do this, and your labour will not be in vain.

We are obliged to these duties of humanity, upon account of common interest, benefit, and advantage. The welfare and safety, the honour and reputation, the pleasure and quiet of our lives, are concerned in our loving correspondence with all men. For so uncertain is our condition, so obnoxious are we to manifold necessities, that there is no man whose goodwill we may not need, whose good word may not stand us in stead, whose helpful endeavour may not sometimes oblige us. It is but reasonable, therefore, if we desire to live securely, comfortably, and quietly, that by all honest means we should endeavour to purchase the goodwill of all men, and provoke no man's enmity needlessly; since any man's love may be useful, and every man's hatred is dangerous.

A just person knows how to secure his own reputation, without blemishing another's by discovering his faults.

Christ is the peace of the righteous, and the trouble of the wicked.

That which leads others to God, has no influence at all upon the hearts of those who have the spirit of the world.

QUESNEL.

L'ENVOI.

IN the long years liker must they grow,  
The man be more of woman, she of man ;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care :  
More, as the double-natured poet, each :  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words.  
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time  
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the *to-be*,  
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other e'en as those we love.  
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,  
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and  
calm ;  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind !

TENNYSON.

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